

THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1891

AUGUST 1, 1908

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THE CITY OF THE SOUL

By LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS

This volume was issued anonymously in May, 1899. The first edition of 500 was exhausted within a few months of publication, and a second edition of 500 was issued in December, 1899.

Owing to the failure of the Publisher the book has been unobtainable for several years. Of the second edition only a few copies now remain. They are offered for sale at the original published price, 5s. net, by Messrs. BICKERS & SON, LEICESTER SQUARE, LONDON, from whom alone they can be obtained.

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW

"Delicate imagination and sense of words are not the only qualities that entitle 'The City of the Soul' to peculiar distinction. The writer adds to these a technical judgment no less completely at home with the ballad than with the lyrical or sonnet form. As a criticism of verse, this would be exhaustive praise. But these pieces contain just that element of passion which transforms skilful verse into fine poetry. . . . The ballad soliloquy 'Perkin Warbeck' is extraordinarily good. . . . Among the rest of the poems are two translations from 'Les Fleurs du Mai.' In daintiness of expression, often married to exotic sentiment, the translator himself has no slight affinity with Baudelaire. The book is full of things which tempt one to linger."

THE STANDARD

"The verses have a character of their own, and are at times quite exquisite in point of workmanship . . . this accomplished and skilful hand."

THE TIMES

"He is by turns æsthetic and introspective, and is at his best in his ballads, especially the ballad of 'St. Vitus,' almost every stanza of which is a Pre-Raphaelite picture."

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH

"These are the verses of a poet. The volume is small, but it would be most unjust to call it the production of a minor bard. . . . It is a work of a remarkably high order. The author has achieved great distinction in his sonnets. . . . Indeed, all through the book one comes upon lines which are astonishing in their beauty and their distinction. . . . a poet who proves himself capable of the very highest work. There can be no doubt as to the fate of these poems."

"A PARISIAN" IN THE "ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE"

"These poems, 'The City of the Soul,' by an anonymous author, were known in part to the Parisian public before they were printed in England, for some of the best among them—and the volume, it seems to me, is a treasure-house of gems—first appeared in the 'Revue Blanche,' with the accompaniment of a French translation. That is some three years ago, and the great masters of French poetry, chief among them the late Stephen Mallarmé, were not slow to applaud."

"The remarkable success which I hear the book has since had in England does credit I think, to the judgment of our French critics, which is often singularly just in its estimate of English poetry, especially if it belongs to the Elizabethan period of our literature or be animated by the Elizabethan 'soufflé' . . . and surely it is this 'soufflé,' a pure invigorating wind from heaven which blows and whispers and weeps in this new poet's verses. . . . The two translations from Baudelaire are as perfect in form and in the repetition of the *frisson* of the original verse as Baudelaire's own translations from Poe and Longfellow. It is a pleasure to find so complete, so temperamental a sympathy between a great French and great English poet."

THE LATE MR. FRANCIS THOMPSON IN "THE ACADEMY"

"He has a rich sense of language, a true gift of mellifluous versification. Few poems are without cunning and iridescent diction; and all have a rich, youthful passion for beauty which is in itself an inspiration. . . . No poem at once complete and brief enough for quotation will exhibit altogether the glow of his diction, the luxuriance of his fancy, and the melodious quality of his verse."

MR. GEORGE STREET IN THE "PALL-MALL MAGAZINE"

"In my case, I reckon but very few of the contemporary writers of verse known to me as poets—how few I should hardly like to say. Among them I place without hesitation the anonymous author of the 'City of the Soul.' . . . This inspiration I take to be first of all the beauty of visible things freshly impressive on the senses. It is as though a child said 'Look, how beautiful!' but a child able to see minutely and variously. . . . and the power to see beautiful things and to express them beautifully is so rare, that one is justified [taking my view of it] in thinking the appearance of this little book a most fortunate event."

THE SCOTSMAN

"This is a book of anonymous poetry of a rare distinction. . . . This is a verse of the proud kind that scorns a vulgar appreciation, and looks for the approbation of connoisseurs. . . . In all these the feeling is always wrought to a high pitch of intensity, yet cautiously and solemnly, without weakness of hysterics."

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CONTENTS

| Page | Page |
|---|--|
| Life and Letters 99 | Calderon, Ibsen, and Pliny 107 |
| Sonnet 101 | The Carmelite "Chief" 108 |
| Reviews : | Realism and Symbol 109 |
| Rambling Records 101 | "The Book of St. Albans" 110 |
| Thomas Traherne 102 | The London Salon of Allied Artists 111 |
| Gladstone and the Lesser Boswells 103 | Shorter Reviews 112 |
| Summer Song 103 | Fiction 113 |
| In Automobile 105 | Correspondence 115 |

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LIFE AND LETTERS

WE are surprised to see a well-conducted paper like the *Daily Telegraph* encouraging the Suffragettes to imagine that their influence in an election is desired or appreciated by either party. Referring to the Haggerston election a correspondent of the above-named paper speaks of the support given to the Unionist candidate by the Suffragettes. As we have already pointed out on more than one occasion, it is well known that the result of the "support" of these tiresome females is invariably quite opposite to that which they desire to achieve. The candidate whom they support simply loses a great many votes as a consequence of their exasperating tactics. At the recent election at Dundee the result of their opposition to Mr. Winston Churchill was to secure him a very large number of votes which would otherwise have been given against him. It is a great pity that the *Daily Telegraph* should encourage these women to suppose that the mere fact of their opposing a Liberal candidate entitles them to Unionist sympathy. As a matter of fact they are equally disliked and disapproved by the vast majority of both parties. Their present action in opposing the Liberal candidate at Haggerston is senseless and illogical, for he happens to be a strong supporter of Women's Suffrage. If the daily papers would only give up reporting the movements of these women their movement would speedily die out.

The latest performance of the *Telegraph's* special correspondent at Haggerston is to send to his paper the words of the following "war-song":

Asquith, Gladstone,
Cabinet Ministers, all !
Fifty thousand Suffragettes,
Determined to have their way,
All of them doing their level best
To bring Votes for Women about,
So give your vote, for the women's sake,
And keep the Liberal out.

It is quite evident that people who are in such a low state

mentally as to invent and sing such appalling doggerel as this are not only unfit to be entrusted with votes, but are in that sort of condition which would warrant their immediate removal to the nearest idiot asylum. The mental condition of the gentleman who thought it worth while to take down and send to his editor the words we have quoted would also appear to require looking into. The *Daily Telegraph* is on the whole an admirable paper, and it is usually well edited. It is surprising, therefore, to find that it should condescend to give prominence to such awful balderdash, except, of course, with a view to putting it in the pillory. But we do not gather that this was its intention, and we can only assume that the editor is suffering from the effects of the heat. Needless to say, the Pankhurst woman informed the correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* that the Suffragettes were heartily satisfied with the reception that they have had. In this respect, as they have proved before, they are very easily pleased.

It is a very unfortunate thing that the man who came in second at the Marathon Race last week happened to be an American. If he had been an Englishman it may be safely assumed that he would have brought no objection against Dorando. Of course, Hayes was rightly given the race as soon as he had made his protest, but by making this protest he lost the opportunity of his life. If he had been a sufficiently good sportsman to allow Dorando to retain the prize he would have been the most popular man in England, and he would have done much to wipe out the feeling of disgust which had been generated by the conduct of the American athletes and their rowdy supporters. The sort of feeling which prompts a sculler in a race at Henley when his opponent runs into the piles to wait for him instead of going on and taking a long lead is apparently unknown to a citizen of the United States. He would look upon such an act as one of sheer stupidity. America seems to have adopted the old professional maxim which was supposed to have distinguished a certain set of "sportsmen," "Win, tie, or wrangle." It is a spirit which is fatal to amateur athletics, and for this reason we are delighted to see that no American crew is competing in the Olympic Regatta at Henley.

A correspondent who was present at the Stadium throughout the proceedings confirms our impression that the Americans behaved "odiously" from first to last. He points out that the American spectators and competitors alike sat in a great mass together and made disgusting noises and cries. No other nation behaved in this way, and if the other nations had adopted similar tactics the whole Exhibition would have been turned into a revolting pandemonium. The Americans ran all their races in collusion with each other, it being decided beforehand which of them was to win, the other men being told off to impede as far as possible the other runners. We sincerely hope that this is the last time we shall see American amateur athletes in this country, and we can get on very well without a great many other Americans who are not athletes. Of course it would be absurd not to admit that among Americans there are some good sportsmen and agreeable people, but they are in such a small minority that it is almost impossible to trace them.

Our article on "Twenty Foolish Virgins" has, we regret to say, not resulted in inducing any of those young women to achieve the distinction of resigning the *Daily Mail* prize. We have received two letters, one from a Miss Spencer, one of the "Foolish Virgins," and another from Sam Johnson (*sic*), the brother of another of them. Their letters are sufficient comment on the sort of standard of intelligence, good manners, and good English which characterise the competitors in the Harmsworth competitions. Miss E. M. Spencer, the writer of the first of the two letters, is described in the *Daily Mail* as being "artistic and an

accomplished musician." Her artistic temperament has, however, not prevented her from making six fearful howlers in grammar and spelling in the course of a very short letter. She seems to be a victim of misdirected energy. Miss Spencer should give up some of the time she now devotes to the musical glasses to improving her knowledge of the English language and to studying some elementary work of grammar. Her analogy drawn from the Marathon race—which, by the way, she spells "Martheon"—is singularly unfortunate. The winner of that race, as she justly remarks, is rewarded with a bronze statuette and a certain amount of honour and glory. The winners in the *Daily Mail* competition are rewarded by the equivalent of a considerable sum in cash and the knowledge that they have been engaged in an exceedingly discreditable work. To turn to the case of Mr. Sam Johnson; his sister, according to the *Daily Mail*, "belongs to the educational profession." It would be advisable if she were to devote some of her spare time to educating her brother in good manners. Mr. Johnson questions the accuracy of our calculations as to the profit made by the *Daily Mail*. He says that the *Daily Mail* subscription per thousand votes is only 13s., and not 26s. This may well be so, but it is a matter of the very smallest importance. Admitting that, as seems conceivably possible, we have miscalculated the amount, the question of principle remains the same. Let it be granted that the *Daily Mail* only made a profit of £7,000 instead of £14,000; the difference is quite immaterial to our argument, which was simply that it had made a large profit. Mr. Sam Johnson concludes his letter by informing us that his sister has sufficient good sense to appreciate our remarks at their true value. We are sorry to have to inform Mr. Sam Johnson that he is completely mistaken in his estimate of his sister's good sense.

In publishing our criticism of Miss Isadora Duncan's performance at the Duke of York's Theatre, as in the case of Miss Maud Allan, we were relying upon an outside contributor. The tickets for Miss Isadora Duncan's first performance, sent to us by the management of the Duke of York's Theatre, were unfortunately overlooked, and consequently we did not attend or send our representative. Since then, however, we have witnessed Miss Isadora Duncan's performance on two occasions, and we also witnessed Miss Maud Allan's. The difference between the dancing of these two ladies is the difference between the real thing and a not very successful imitation. It is quite ridiculous for Miss Maud Allan and her representatives to pretend that her dancing is not a deliberate imitation of Miss Isadora Duncan's. In some dances she is moderately successful, but the overwhelming superiority of Miss Duncan's dancing must be at once evident to anybody possessing the smallest taste or knowledge of the technique of dancing. With regard to the Salome dance, Miss Maud Allan is entitled to what credit she may achieve for having invented it. In our opinion it is a repulsive performance, and one which we should not consent on any account to witness a second time.

We are glad to congratulate Mr. Sievier on his acquittal of the very serious charge brought against him. In the early part of the proceedings things looked very black against him, but when the case for the defence came to be submitted it became pretty obvious what the verdict would be, and we think that nobody will be inclined to question its justice. It is an undoubted fact that a great deal of blackmailing is carried on by certain journals in London, nor, we are sorry to say, is old age and an honourable name among newspapers a guarantee of respectability in this matter. Some of the papers which are the oldest established, and have for years enjoyed the highest reputation, are not free from the suspicion of adopting these abominable devices. It is only fair to say that in the cases when this occurs it is usually the work of

one individual, who makes use of his position on a paper to extort money from the foolish and unwary. We have in our minds one particularly scandalous and disgraceful example of the journalistic blackmailer, and we are glad to think that there are signs and portents which indicate that before long he will be brought to book. As regards Mr. Sievier, it would of course be idle to pretend that THE ACADEMY approves of the publication for which he is responsible, the *Winning Post*. But that is neither here nor there, and Mr. Sievier is entitled to the sympathy of every one for the somewhat scurvy treatment which he has received at the hands of the police, who, by objecting to the very reasonable proposition that he should be released on bail, subjected him to a great deal of unnecessary and undeserved discomfort and trouble.

Considerable fuss is being made at the moment about "Francis Thompson's Cricket Verses." We shall not suggest that Mr. E. V. Lucas, who has unearthed these verses, is not the friend of literature. But Mr. E. V. Lucas is apparently one of those unfortunate literary persons who would "rather make a century in a cricket-match than write the best book that was ever written." Of course, such a sentiment in an author amounts to the simplest and dreariest kind of affectation. We have read Mr. Thompson's cricket verses as reproduced by Mr. Lucas in the *Cornhill Magazine*, and we do not suppose for a moment that Mr. Thompson would have wished to see them displayed even in so prominent a magazine as the *Cornhill*. When a poet who suffered as Thompson suffered happens to be dead, the hashing-up of his unconsidered trifles in the way of light verse renders no particular service to his memory. This sort of thing should be left to the Sir Arthur Conan Doyles and the Mr. Pawlings of this world.

When an Englishman makes comparisons between the Parliamentary ways of his own and other countries he never fails to lay stress on one great difference between, let us say, France and England. "In France," we are informed, "enemies in the Chamber are more or less enemies in private life. You do not see an anti-clerical Radical dining amicably with a Legitimist Catholic. How different it is in England," etc. And the implied or expressed conclusion is that our own system is infinitely creditable to our good temper and our common sense. This sort of thing has been repeated again and again; it is the standing dish of comparative politics, and so far as we are aware no one has pointed the real moral of the case. The Legitimist and the Radical will not dine together because each has a sincere belief in the righteousness of his own cause, and as sincere a belief in the utter villainy of his opponent's opinions. If one loves God, or tries to love God, one does not make oneself agreeable to a person who has "kicked the Christ" out of the schools. If one believes that religion is the curse of humanity, one does not take one's *apéritif* with militant clericals. In England it is different? Certainly; and the reason is that English politics are a fetid hypocrisy. All sincere and honest conviction has long departed from the political field, and neither the average Conservative nor the average Liberal has the faintest belief in the opinions which he expresses.

The proof is not very difficult to find. THE ACADEMY has pointed out more than once that the worm of insincerity and vain pretence has eaten into the very core of political journalism; Radical journalists are often members of Conservative clubs. So below and so above. Mr. Gladstone's "Conversations" at All Souls' revealed the fact that all this great politician's convictions were profoundly, even extravagantly, Tory; to him the period 1820-1830 was the golden age of government, and the system of pocket boroughs, by which the Lords were able to control the Commons, was the last word of wisdom in

statesmanship. Of course Mr. Gladstone's "Tractarian" views were always public property; he was a *dévote* of the school of Pusey and Liddon. And this statesman not only made himself the leader and the tool of the political Nonconformists, whose dream it is to see the English Church humbled to the dust, but also through a long and strenuous life devoted himself to the task of reducing the British Constitution to Mob Rule or Kakistocracy—to a system in which murder and violence and outrage of every kind were to be the recognised and legitimate methods of political agitation. This being the career of such a man as Gladstone, there is nothing surprising in a spectacle over which the House of Commons split its sides the other day. A Minister of the Crown and an ex-Minister of the Crown bandied "Hansard" across the table, and either proved other to be—well, an accomplished eater of his own words. And the "Mother of Parliaments," seeing before it hypocrisy and unreality—huge, Gargantuan, unashamed—sent up such a peal of delighted and exultant laughter as must have echoed in the gloomy halls of its patron saint below.

Very naturally, since English politics are the great masterpiece of the Lie, its byways are also strewn with lies. We can all remember the "Chinese Slave" cartoons—the pictures of gangs of wretched creatures laden with portentous chains. The people who procured these things knew that they were lies, the people who made use of them knew that they were lies, the politicians who profited by them knew that they were lies; and the "Liberals" came to power. And, we hasten to add, in all probability it would not be at all difficult to point out cartoons equally mendacious, but employed by "Conservatives." Doubtless the next General Election will furnish a plentiful crop of this offensive fruit from the one rotten tree and from the other. But at the present moment the *Daily Chronicle* is reproducing in its pages the "striking cartoons" of Mr. Rudolf Blind. Mr. Blind, it should be said, has experimented in the nude; we believe a certain picture of his in this kind was once to be seen—for a time—at a shilling a head in a byway of the Strand. He also tried his hand at sacred art; he is now a "Temperance" artist, and his cartoon reproduced in last Saturday's *Chronicle* is certainly a revolting spectacle. But the lie is here; underneath Mr. Blind's nightmare is the statement that it is reproduced "in view of the great Temperance Demonstration in Hyde Park to-day," whereby we are instructed that if the Licensing Bill is passed the horrors of alcoholism will be either abolished or else greatly diminished.

The "inexactitude" pictured by the *Chronicle* was uttered by Mr. Winston Churchill at the demonstration in question:

We have come here [he said] to support a good cause. We have come here to show that the British democracy is enlisted in hundreds and thousands behind the temperance cause.

That is to say, Mr. Churchill pledges his word that the Licensing Bill would promote temperance in the consumption of alcohol. Either Mr. Churchill is aware that this is not the truth, or else he is ignorant of the falsity he has uttered. If he is thus ignorant, he is totally unfitted for the position that he occupies. For this is not a dubious or arguable question. In Glasgow and Edinburgh, which for the last few years have been placed under special restrictions, bestial drunkenness has increased by leaps and bounds. In England, where the public-house hours are restricted by the State, the convictions for drunkenness during a certain period were "about 200,000;" in France, where there are practically no restrictions at all, the convictions during the same period were 623. And let it always be remembered that gallant little Wales, with its own little Sunday Closing Bill, contributes from its twelve shires eight of the most drunken counties in the kingdom. The Roman Augurs smiled when they met; the English politicians should bellow with laughter at those famous encounters in the smoking-room.

SONNET

And when I die, you should be grieved, and go
Dumbly into the bitter fields alone,
For you have long since made your widow's moan
And carried in your heart the widow's woe;
Outrageous Death hath neither feint nor blow
To hurt you further. Thus without a groan
I shall go down, and be as cold as stone,
And you will kiss me and I shall not know.

But haply then some mercy may befall,
And to your breast, this death in life being past,
Quiet may come and peace without alloy:
Seeing you lone and lovely and downcast
They shall possess you with a secret joy
And keep you with an angel at your call.

T. W. H. C.

REVIEWS

RAMBLING RECORDS

The Path to Paris. By FRANK RUTTER. Illustrated by Hanslip Fletcher. (John Lane, 10s. 6d.)

The Enchanting North. By J. S. FLETCHER. (Eveleigh Nash, 2s. 6d.)

THESE books have much in common. Both are rambling records of journeys through old-world centres; both authors have the gifts of observation and expression, so that they can call up a picture and make us wish to see it for ourselves; and the letterpress in both cases is assisted by copious illustrations. "The Path to Paris" is the story of a bicycle ride beside the waterway to Paris from the mouth of the Seine at Havre to its division as it encloses the Ile de la Cité. Mr. Rutter writes agreeably and fluently, and makes stimulating reading, because he knows what he likes, knows why he likes it, and knows how to convey the reasons for his preferences. In this way he gains the respect of his readers, whether he can persuade them to adopt his views or no. And we are certain that few to whom the route by the Seine is known will endorse Mr. Rutter's estimates as to the comparative beauty of the various towns passed through, or of the various shrines and edifices to be seen. Not many people will think so meanly of Rouen as Mr. Rutter does, or so highly of Havre; not many will be moved to more outspoken admiration of the church at Triel than of two such differing structures as, say, the abbey at Jumièges or the church at Caudebec—one or other of them would certainly seem to most of us a more obviously pleasing and impressive building than the shrine which Mr. Rutter found so exciting; Meissonier was probably a greater man than Mr. Rutter allows, while all the leaders of the Barbizon school may not maintain their present position in the hierarchy of art.

But observe that these things are all a matter of individual opinion, while a rambling recorder has no reason to be exhaustive; he can look at what he likes, neglect what he likes, and ask to be excused for contenting himself with judgments based upon what happens to have been seen more closely. The riverside promenade is admirably illustrated by Mr. Hanslip Fletcher, many of whose drawings convey to the eye in a wonderful manner the spirit of the places delineated. It is with no intent to detract from the more important pictures that we admit to have been more charmed with the rougher little *croquis* placed for the most part at the beginnings and ends of the chapters. The sketches of the Seine at La Bouille, of the Seine near Pont de l'Arche, of the Rue de Paris at Havre, and of Meudon are all admirable; they really recall the

scenes to those who have seen them, and must help those without the fortunate experience to understand the captivation of the journey which author and artist were undertaking. We think it quite likely that the Path to Paris may be trodden by not a few of those who read this book, though such, we are allowed to guess, is far from the object with which it has been written. On the contrary, Mr. Rutter belongs frankly to the class of traveller who resents the presence of the uncultured tourist—a frame of mind that must give him some bother in Rouen.

"The Enchanting North" is a record of country scenery in Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmorland, Durham, and Yorkshire, with desultory notes of a historical character upon the various places described, the religious houses, the castles and towers, the Cathedrals, minsters, and abbeys, and the notable country seats. It is profusely illustrated by coloured reproductions of oil and water-colour pictures, by pen-and-ink sketches, and by photographs, and some of the illustrations, whose authorship is unacknowledged on the title-page, are quite successful. Certain of the colour-prints, however, have suffered from the simplicity of their reproduction; more colours than have been employed were required for the making of the picture, which has consequently been rendered unnecessarily garish. There ought to be a large public for such a book now that motor-cars have rendered all parts of England accessible, enabling the traveller also to dispense, if he chooses, with the capricious entertainment of the country inn. Of course there are country inns in England where the reasonable wants of the traveller can be supplied promptly, and Mr. Fletcher has, as a matter of fact, a good word or two for such places, but the experiences of most wayfarers is melancholy when their wants have gone beyond bacon and eggs, bread and cheese and beer. Let us suppose the traveller safely victualled and easily ensconced in his car, and he could have no better desultory guide than Mr. Fletcher. Mr. Fletcher has plenty to say upon plenty of topics, he is informatory without being pedantic, and he dismisses in a few words such enormous subjects as York Minster or Durham Cathedral, so that his space may be occupied by telling us of things less familiar. Here he is wise, for scrappy information about such buildings, embodying as they do the whole history of architecture, is practically worthless. The traveller with proper leanings towards his subject will always consult some work of definite pretensions to authority, architectural and antiquarian, and will be particularly grateful to be spared rambling remarks about rood-screens and clere-storeys. We have read this book with much pleasure, and think that it constitutes an excellent manual for a motor-trip.

THOMAS TRAHERNE

Centuries of Meditation. By THOMAS TRAHERNE (1636?-1674). Now first printed from the Author's Manuscript. Edited by BERTRAM DOBELL. (Published by the Editor, 77 Charing Cross Road, W.C., 5s. net.)

"THERE is a class of men" wrote Robert Louis Stevenson, "who cannot edit one author without disparaging all others." Mr. Bertram Dobell is in peril of ranging himself under this category. In order that the merits of Traherne may be the more fully appreciated, it is necessary apparently that the fame of Thomas à Kempis should be allowed to suffer eclipse. "The God of the author of the 'Imitation' is a hard taskmaster who is to be feared rather than loved," writes Mr. Dobell. Here, however, are the words of this gloomy ascetic to whom God appeared as a "hard taskmaster":

O Father of mercies and God of all comfort, thanks be unto Thee, with Thy only-begotten Son, and the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, for ever and ever. . . . Ah! Lord God, Thou Holy Lover of my soul, when Thou comest into my heart all that is within me shall rejoice. Thou art my Glory and the exultation of my heart. Thou art my Hope and Refuge in the day of my trouble.

It is true that there is an element of sternness in the creed

of à Kempis. Possibly, however, a complacent optimism comes more naturally to the Chaplain of an English Court official than to the occupant of a monastic cell. In any case, the comparison is both misleading and irrelevant. For there is no possible point of contact between the two books. It is to the last degree unlikely that in writing the "Centuries of Meditation" the object of Traherne was to prepare a manual of devotion suitable for Anglican readers. The "Imitatio" is a popular devotional work, addressed to the whole Catholic world. It can be read with equal profit and understanding by pedant or by pauper. The object of the "Centuries" is obviously esoteric. It is addressed primarily to those who have entered upon the inner path of enlightenment, and there is nothing distinctively Anglican in the volume from beginning to end. We quote the following sentence as an instance of another of Mr. Dobell's indiscretions:

Traherne's work, having been written by one of the most zealous ministers of the English Church, is necessarily better suited for members of that Church, and of the *Nonconformist Churches* (the italics are ours), than a work which was written by a Roman Catholic for Roman Catholics.

Exactly! And by the same parity of reasoning Archbishop Laud, as one of the most zealous prelates of the English Church, is a fitter model for the admiration of members of that Church, and of the *Nonconformist Churches*, than Cardinal Richelieu, who was a Roman Catholic! Verily Mr. Dobell is a "child in these matters."

It is pleasant, however, to turn from Mr. Dobell's editorial eccentricities to his unquestionably important editorial services. The discovery of Traherne's manuscripts revealed the existence of a hitherto unsuspected literary portent. His poems, in spite of occasional obscurities of expression, may not unfitly be ranked with those of Herbert, of Vaughan, or of Quarles. But there is ample evidence in this volume to prove that it is by his prose he will live. His style is closely wedded to its subject. While lacking the purple splendour of Jeremy Taylor, it possesses a lucidity and grace to which "the Shakespeare of English prose" never attained. It is difficult to quote without some suspicion of invidiousness, but we make no apology for reproducing *in extenso* the two following passages:

You never enjoy the world aright till the sea itself floweth in your veins, till you are clothed with the heavens and crowned with the stars, and perceive yourself to be the sole heir of the whole world, and more than so, because men are in it who are every one sole heirs as well as you. Till you can sing and rejoice and delight in God, as misers do in gold, and kings in sceptres, you never enjoy the world.

Till your spirit filleth the whole world, and the stars are your jewels; till you are as familiar with the ways of God in all ages as with your walk and table; till you are intimately acquainted with that shady nothing out of which the world was made; till you love men so as to desire their happiness, with a thirst equal to the zeal of your own; till you delight in God for being good to all—you never enjoy the world. Till you more feel it than your private estate, and are more present in the hemisphere, considering the glories and the beauties there, than in your own house; till you remember how lately you were made, and how wonderful it was when you came into it; and more rejoice in the palace of your glory than if it had been made but to-day morning.

This praise of earth is implicit in every line that Traherne ever wrote. To him, as to Browning's recalcitrant monk, Fra Lippo Lippi:

This world's no blot for us,
Nor blank; it means intensely, and means good.

He stands in no very clearly defined relation to the thought of his time. Essentially a mystic, he claims an affinity with Blake, with whose work there are some curious parallelisms in this volume. To Traherne, as to the modern hedonist, happiness, or felicity (to adopt a word he is never tired of using), is the proper object of man's existence. The whole forces of Nature are pressed into the service and satisfaction of humanity. For man the sun shines, the grass is green, and the stars in the firmament manifest their splendour:

The services which the world doth you are transcended to all imagination. Did it only sustain your body and preserve your life, and comfort your senses, you were bound to value it as much as those services were worth; but it discovers the being of God unto you, it opens His nature, and shows you His wisdom, goodness, and power, it magnifies His love unto you, it serves angels and men for you, it entertains you with many lovely and glorious objects, it feeds you with joys, and becomes a theme that furnishes you with perpetual praises and thanksgivings, it enflameth you with the love of God, and is the link of your union and communion with Him. It is the temple wherein you are exalted to glory and honour, and the visible porch or gate of Eternity: a sure pledge of eternal joys, to all them that walk before God and are perfect in it.

The shadow of evil seldom falls upon this delectable Paradise, nor does one hear the hiss of the serpent beneath the tree of knowledge and delight. The common objects of Nature are channels of sacramental grace. Every grain of sand is a microcosm of the Deity, every blade of grass a vindication of the Perfect Beauty. Theologically this unbounded optimism is perhaps indefensible, but it invests the work of Traherne with its unique interest and importance, and it differentiates him from the vast mass of writers on divinity. With regard to the accustomed topics of theological controversy, indeed, Traherne maintains a resolute silence. His place is not so much with the saints of the Church Militant as with those who, while neither despising nor neglecting ordinances, have attained to that interior life of the soul which transcends all formulae.

The seventeenth century was the flowering time of Anglican divinity, so that a foreigner was forced to exclaim, in sheer amazement, *Clericus Anglicanus stupor mundi!* To the names of Taylor, Laud, Hammond, and Cosin must now be added that of Thomas Traherne.

GLADSTONE AND THE LESSER BOSWELLS

Mr. Gladstone at Oxford, 1890. By "C. R. L. F." Illustrated. (Smith and Elder, 2s. 6d. net.)

It is seldom nowadays that a man has the opportunity of taking the character of Boswell in the modern comedy—or rather, it is seldom that the opportunity is realised. We doubt indeed if any man is capable of taking it. Boswell the Great was content to lose himself in his work. The Johnsonian Boswell was in truth a great creation of the young, fat, busily-curious Scot—as great a creation as the more famous Johnson. It is a testimony to the real energy of his peculiar genius that neither character—Johnson or Boswell—projected so vividly upon the screen of history, ever flags in interest or wavers in consistency. Of all ludicrous follies ever uttered by a clever man, chiefly ludicrous is that of Macaulay, who thought Boswell a fool because he seemed a parasite upon genius. Clearly, Macaulay hadn't the ghost of an idea of Boswell's astonishing power of dramatisation—of self-dramatisation. It was the supreme artist-instinct in the biographer that persuaded him into his apparently ignoble posturing before Johnson and the world. So keen was this instinct, so sincere his passion for dramatic representation, that he did not scruple to appear a fool—not thinking that dull wits would ever be found to think him a fool. It is nonsense to say he cared not what he might seem to posterity, so only he could provoke the veritable Johnsonian flash; we cannot think he would make himself tinder for any man's worship. He did more wisely: he made himself an admirable, complete, and conscious foil to the greater man, and he preserved that attitude—knowing full well there was nought more dishonouring in it than in Horatio's relation to Hamlet—with equal loyalty to Johnson and himself. With what consummate art it was maintained every competent reader will know.

So much for tedious preliminary. Its application is this: that "C. R. L. F." and the others in this book indicated by initials were fain to play Boswell to Gladstone without studying the part. They hadn't even the courage of the

folly so foolishly attributed to Boswell the Great, much less his genius of dramatisation. True, their opportunity only lasted a few days, but Boswell's art was born perfect and complete. They are so desperately afraid of being foolish, so afraid of being small! It is an act of tremendous and long-calculated temerity when one of Gladstone's interlocutors ventures an allusion to current affairs:

Of course nobody dared to draw him on politics. But he happened to be talking about Jews and mentioned the fact that there were none or very few in Ireland. Somebody was rash enough to suggest that recent events were not very encouraging to capitalists in that country. For a moment the speaker was conscious of being transfixed by a terrible eye; it was only for a moment, but one had the sense of potential annihilation.

At another time he

Quite politely but firmly shut up one of us, who, with singular want of tact, tried to draw him about the reasons of the unpopularity of the London County Council. "Indeed, he had not heard of that—was not much in the way of hearing current gossip."

One more instance of a timid attempt at Boswellising is recorded:

One evening some of the Junior Fellows, perhaps wickedly, tried to test the astuteness of the "old Parliamentary hand." It was well known that Mr. Gladstone had not been altogether successful on his mission to the Ionian Islands in 1859. So X. started some subject connected with the Mediterranean, and gradually drew the talk nearer to the Ionian Islands. But long before we reached them something seemed to put the old gentleman on his guard. There was a momentary and very characteristic lifting of that well-known right eyebrow, and then, with perfect courtesy, he rose, saying, "And now I think it would be very pleasant to see the moonlight in the quadrangle."

But we know very well that Boswell the Great would have reached the Ionian Islands in the quadrangle. What wouldn't he have ventured! Gladstone's treasury of anecdote should have been inexhaustible, and clearly he was inclined to pour it out—had there been a single daring hand to broach the cask.

But all this sounds very ungracious. Mr. Gladstone's week at Oxford in 1890 has provided much in the way of attractive recollection and anecdote, in personal description, chit-chat, and occasional criticism. Tennyson he declared to be the greatest poet of the century; Swinburne "great, but rather same." He relates incidents of his book-collecting, and displays an inexplicable interest in the achievements of Andrew Carnegie. He discovers uniformly conservative tendencies, and this leads one to a half-pathetic impression of the old man's failing powers in the midst of an unfailing activity. With every shortcoming which a fanciful reviewer can possibly regret the little book is both attractive and, in its way, valuable. That the author and the others, who are only half-concealed by initials, should have failed in their Boswellian attempts is simply due, we think, to what most men would call "a proper sense of dignity."

SUMMER SONG

Hero Lays. By ALICE MILLIGAN. (Maunsell, 2s. 6d. net.)

THERE can be no doubt that Miss Milligan is a poet of a good deal more than ordinary quality. And though her book is published in Dublin, and she may consequently be presumed to belong to the Irish school, she manages not to be what poets of the Irish school only too commonly are—namely, more or less frank imitators of Mr. W. B. Yeats. We may take the following stanza as a good example of Miss Milligan's capacity for pretty rhyming:

She has come in to light
Tall candles that will shine to-night
Round scarlet flowers in a silver cup,
Round golden fruit and nuts red-brown,
On a table set for ten to sup,
With sparkle of glasses up and down,
Pearl-handled knives and painted plates,
The glow through glass of mellow wine,
In porcelain shells there are crystal dates,
And shadows of ferns on the damask fine.

She thinks how, far away,
Her kindred at the end of day
Will have three slender candles lit
And set them at a window small,
And after that will quiet sit
And make no feast at all,
But all the time can pray
For each departed soul that they remember
At the coming of November.

This is from a piece called "All Souls' Eve." We do not say that it is by any means the best in Miss Milligan's volume, but it is good of its kind. It will not surprise us to find Miss Milligan doing much more considerable work. She has the root of the matter in her, which is a great deal more than can be said of the average new poet, and what is more, she is already something of an artist, and her range is wide.

The Mountains, and other Poems. By GEORGE BENSON HEWETSON. (Sisleys, Ltd., 3s. 6d.)

WE should hesitate to describe Mr. Hewetson's volume as a volume of high poetry. At the same time, one cannot question that the author is a poet of reasonable skill. Unfortunately for all parties concerned, however, Mr. Hewetson is also a patriot. To move one, or stir the heart, in these apathetic days, your metrical patriot must be very competent indeed, and, with due respect to Mr. Hewetson's correct and ambitious muse, we are bound to say that he is not very competent indeed. Beside which, such matters as the death of the late Queen Victoria, the Coronation of his present Majesty, "Ladysmith," and "Brakenlaagte" are a trifle out of date, and not really the best of subjects for verse which is intended to endure. In any case Mr. Hewetson leaves us cold. We cannot find it in our hearts even to attempt to extract refreshment from such lines as the following:—

A world-wide Empire bows its head and weeps,
The Mother of her People is no more;
In Life's last majesty the Great Queen sleeps,
And spacious glory of her deathless days;
Whilst this our Britain to her farthest shore—
Her scattered lands, and alien in their ways,
One in that greatness from which Justice flows—
The marching nations upward in their gaze,
Girded as friends, or panoplied as foes,
The towering might of her good life disclose
In teeming tributes of their golden praise.

We regret that we have no teeming tributes for Mr. Hewetson. Even when he inquires of us

The gleam—has it thrilled you?—of what was and
what is, and what is to be

we remain entirely unresponsive. Possibly this is our own fault, but we imagine that the majority of persons reading in "The Mountains" would find themselves in the like case.

Sonnet Songs and Ballads. By the Rev. E. BRADFORD. (Kegan Paul, 2s. 6d. net.)

THE Rev. E. Bradford is a B.D. of Oxford. Consequently it is with a certain surprise, not to say sorrow, that we gather from the preliminary notice to his book that some of the verses contained in it have already appeared in the serial publications of Messrs. Cassell and Messrs. George Newnes. Of course, we can well understand that Mr. Bradford had difficulty in placing his poetical outbursts elsewhere. The appended sonnet, for example, is approximately up to the standard required by Messrs. Cassell and Newnes:

Change, ceaseless change, thro' boundless space I see:
Eternal Force in an unending round
Of self-expression—Light and Heat and Sound—
Still moves eternal Matter. Naught is free
From change of form, yet naught can cease to be,
Nor spring from naught to being. Life may compound,
Death decompose; no other end is found
In earth or sea or heaven. God in me
Combined at birth my Body and my Soul,
And with them both that one self-conscious "I,"

Which while He wills can exercise control
On Force and Matter. God may by-and-bye
Decree we two no longer form one whole,
But indivisible how can "I" die?

Surely a poet who is a B.D. of Oxford should indulge a more exalted view as to the nature and inwardness of the sonnet than is hereby indicated. Mr. Bradford is more successful as a writer of ingenuous lyrics, and he offers us an occasional ballad of the good, honest, diverting Southeyan order. "The Price of Blood" is an instance in point:

A fair-haired British sailor lad was lounging on the pier,
Hard by the domes and minarets of snowy-walled Tangier.
A swarthy Moor lay by his side, and cards were in their hands;
They played and watched the breakers glide along the silver sand.
The Moor was losing; as he lost his air became more grim.
A curly-headed negro child stood gravely watching him.
"Hurrah!" the jolly sailor cried. "See, I have won again!"
The Moor he neither spoke nor sighed. He knew that speech
was vain.

Both the Moor and Mr. Bradford evidently know the game.

Films of Blue. By JOHN INGRAM BRYAN. (Tokyo: Kyo Bun Kwan.)

MR. J. I. BRYAN cultivates an Occidental muse in the land of Nippon. It is pleasant to find him keeping the faith amid the poetical distractions which Japan is said to offer for all and sundry. But beyond keeping the faith we are afraid our poet does not go very far:

Lo, the boom of Buddhist bells!
Slowly, slowly, how it swells
Full and far through Shiba dells:
Every dull repeated tone,
In its endless sob and moan,
Sends a shiver to the bone—

is not what you might call entrancing poetry. At times, however, Mr. Bryan can do much better, as in this little picture of "A February Eve":

The sky is dank and drear,
For 'tis the time of year
White phantoms roam;
Now up the alley way
The swine with wisps of hay,
Come grunting home.

The sky is sullen gray,
And down the river way
It thicker grows;
Miles and miles afar,
There rolls the Arctic car
Of drifting snows.

Japan does not appear to be over good for the English poet.

Voices of the Soul. By THIRZA CRESSWELL. (Allenson, 2s. 6d.)

MISS CRESSWELL's volume is described on the title-page as "A Second Series of Stray Thoughts in Verse." The author's thoughts probably do her no discredit, but her "verse" is not always what it should be:

I wonder how oft a sculptor perceives
As he chisels piece by piece
The double line he may draw
As stroke upon stroke decrease?

Well suited to his interesting task
Side by side in unison to blend;
As he follows the line of one
The other will curve and bend.

No doubt this is true, though we cannot for the life of us guess what it means. It is really extraordinary that such pieces should get themselves into covers.

A Rose of the Old Régime. By THE BENTZTOWN BARD. (Doxey Bookshop Company.)

WITH the present copy of the "Old Régime" the publishers are kind enough to enclose a two-column review of

"A Rose of the Old Régime" which has appeared in a Baltimore journal. The article is headed up thus :

MELODY AND RHYME PURE

Bentztown Bard's Ballads and Poems in Book Form

"A ROSE OF THE LAST RÉGIME"

Sweet Singer of Maryland Republishes Homespun and Fanciful Works to Satisfy Requests

It will be seen, therefore, that the Bentztown Bard is very much thought of in Baltimore ; and while we find ourselves unable to admire much of his work, it is impossible to get away from verses like the following :

I want to go back to the stick-candy days
Before they made bonbons of choc'late and glaze ;
I want to go back to the dear little shop
Where the little old lady sold ginger-beer pop
And made little cookies with raisins, that went
Like lightning, because they were two for a cent !

I know the green street where the little shop stood,
And, oh, the stick-candy that tasted so good !
Lemon and wintergreen, cinnamon bar,
Each in its round little fat little jar—
I see through the glamour of childhood the glint
Of the sassafras, horehound, and white peppermint !

A bell that went jingle hung over the door,
So they knew when a customer entered the store.
And sometimes the little old lady came in
With her hands full of dough from the bread-making tin.
But ever her heart and her gentle face smiled
On the timid young spirit of dear little child !

All of which might have been "melody and rhyme pure" if our poet had not written "choc'late," and had adequately considered that line about "the timid young spirit of dear little child." We find the effort which gives a title to the Bentztown Bard's volume, and which is stated by our Baltimore contemporary to be his best-known poem, utterly mawkish and futile :

I saw her last night in a portrait, a rose of the old régime,
Who grew in the quiet gardens that sloped to the Severn stream.
She had danced with the early Gov'nors and danced on the
 hearts that sleep
Where the shadows of St. Ann's wander and the leaves of myrtle creep.

"Gov'nors" is not only bad, but horrid, and the young woman who "danced on hearts," no doubt after the fashion of Miss Maud Allan, does not interest us. On the whole, however, the Bentztown Bard's sheaf of verses is quite equal to the average of the very minor poetry that comes to us from America.

The Last Rubaiyat of Omar Kháyyám. By H. JUSTUS WILLIAMS. (Sisleys, 3s. 6d.)

FROM the Preface :

It is the desire of the author, in bringing the notice of the public to this work, to endeavour to dispel those rumours that have gained some credence, regarding the alleged conversion of Omar Kháyyám. . . . It is not unlikely that Omar temporarily discontinued his mode of living . . . and it is in order to strengthen this opinion, if not to prove it, that the present fragment has been produced.

For our own part we shall say of the "present fragment" what the Wrangler said of "Paradise Lost": It proves nothing. Neither will such quatrains as the following strengthen anybody's opinions :

In foolish mood long years ago I swore
To bar the taste of wine for evermore ;
But by Thy patient wooing Thou hast made
The vows of no account against Thy lore.

Repeat to me, Belovèd, all the vows
That once before You whisper'd, and arouse
My pristine adorations for Thy charms,
When we did oft indulge in long carouse.

This is the kind of thing which might make Omar—not to

mention FitzGerald—turn in his grave. The one passable verse out of the sixty-three herein published runs thus :

The Cellarman, with soft relentless tread,
Is coming now and causes me some dread,
For by His looks I know He comes to say,
The cellar's dry and I, His bond, am dead.

Writers of serious Omarian quatrains are, of course, almost hopelessly handicapped. Few of them succeed in the least, and Mr. Williams is scarcely one of the few.

Musical Imaginings. By MARCUS S. C. RICKARDS. (Simpkin, Marshall, 4s. 6d. net.)

MR. RICKARDS is a practised performer—we had almost said offender—before the minor muse. Apparently he turns out verses as easily as persons with strong teeth may crack filberts. This is the manner of him :

Near death I lingered, tho' quite well—
A paradox which let me tell :
My body vaunted perfect health ;
So well it was that I engrossed
Its energies in seeking wealth,
And, in the finding, found my boast ;
And yet a fever wrapped my soul
A fiery thirst that mocked control.

Quite so. Mr. Rickards is altogether too facile and too glib. He rushes into metre on the slightest hint, and there is no holding him down. Our only hope for him is that he may one day, out of the plenitude of his afflatus, strike lucky, as it were, and produce one little piece which men will remember. But, in spite of the voluminousness of his poetical works, he has not achieved this consummation as yet.

The Lamp of Psyche. By JOHANNES C. ANDERSEN. (Melbourne : Lothian, 2s. 6d.)

THIS is a dull and wearisome piece of writing ; pretentious enough, but decidedly wanting in poetic essentials :

Ideals from the real spring,
A living rose from lifeless earth ;
What moved the sons of men among
To quicken in their hearts the birth
Of that ideal state afar
That shines through mists, a vocal star ?

At a rough estimate Mr. Andersen gives us a matter of three hundred and fifty stanzas, none of them one whit better or one whit worse than the foregoing. The poem drags in consequence. The sad mechanic exercise involved in the production of "The Lamp of Psyche" may have soothed Mr. Andersen, but the result, though perhaps creditable, is not edifying from a poetical point of view.

IN AUTOMOBILE

In Automobile. Motor-car Impressions. By CARLO PLACCI. (Milan : Treves.)

SIGNOR PLACCI is a well-known and popular figure in Italian society, and equally at home in that of other countries. Nor is he a novice in literature, for his first book, "Il Furto," published some years ago, obtained a wide and well-deserved success as a character-study of rare psychological insight. Since then he has produced a clever volume of society sketches and many excellent papers on artistic themes, on music and musicians. Of late years a convert to motor-car travel, his impressions of rapid flights through Italy, England, France, Switzerland, Tyrol, etc., are prefaced by reflections on the merits of this mode of progression. Looking back, he says, at certain famous descriptive writers of former times, he notes the general similarity of the impressions they received. Yet, slowly as they moved, they moved in different ways. For instance : St. Francis rode a donkey, Petrarch a horse, while Goethe went on foot, in the saddle, by boat, by diligence, or by special post-chaise, employing, in short, every available form of locomotion, and believing in the quickening effect of travel on our vital and mental powers :

Nevertheless (he continues) even Goethe studies places and things on the same leisurely plan common to all his predecessors. What seems still stranger is that in the slow ages, when travellers had abundant time to notice scenery, landscape *per se* had no real existence either in books or in art, and certainly no one seemed to care for it on its own account.

Goethe, indeed, regarded it chiefly from the geological point of view, just as at Assisi he had no eye for the picturesque charm of the place and neglected Giotto's masterpieces to give all his attention to the one classic temple he found there.

According to our author, the passion for scenery and the gift of appreciating it coincide with the swifter locomotion owed to the steam-engine, and are now enormously increased by the higher speed of the motor-car. Hence a motor-car style of description is imposed upon us until the navigable balloon shall have become our habitual mode of transit and endowed us with a special power of vision and a special faculty of expressing its results in words. One is tempted to remind him that Scott revealed Highland scenery to the world before the first railway was opened, and also—to cite an older instance—that Dante had a keen eye for landscape and described characteristic details so vividly and tersely that, as Maurice Hewlett says, the *Divina Commedia* is the best possible guide-book for Tuscany.

Certainly the motoristic style of seeing and describing has an eloquent champion in our author. For the *tempo accelerato* is suited to his temper and mode of thought. Having previously travelled much in slower fashion, lived in various lands and always in contact with their most notable personages, being as well versed in art as in literature or music, and equally interested in the high politics of every capital he has dwelt in, his motor-car flights through many different regions seem to have endowed him with a rare power of synthesis. In the Abruzzi, for instance, the strong contrast between his modern way of travelling and the old-world sights he found there gave him a host of new and sudden impressions, both physical and mental. The great distances so speedily traversed, enjoying a sunset from a ruined tower perched at 3,000ft. above the sea, yet reaching the shore below in time to hail the rising moon; a morning spent in one period of architecture, the evening of the same day in another of a very different date; now climbing high mountain passes, and presently revelling among lowland works of art. Also continually amazed by the possession of a novel sense of topography:

As though in our swift course through the land we are actually measuring its length and breadth and noting every detail of its splendid formation.

On the whole, Signor Placci rates the natural beauties of the Abruzzi region at a higher value than its treasures of art. Yet, as he says:

The quest for these treasures—the paintings of Andrea di Litio, the sculptures of Silvestro d'Aquila, the goldwork of Niccola da Guardiagrele—brought us to delicious and most out-of-the-way places. We had to wind through adorable ravines, ford unbridged rivers, cross romantic passes; and often our tired eyes would be refreshed by beautiful scenery of a totally unexpected kind.

Now and then, however, in spite of their winged machine and ever-buoyant enthusiasm, the author and his companions must also have had unusual amiability to remain undaunted by the preposterous annoyances they had to endure. Theirs was the first motor-car ever seen in that sequestered province. Accordingly, whenever they halted in a village the whole population crowded round them, followed them wherever they went, even into churches and cloisters, constantly thrusting their frowsy, garlicky bodies between the unlucky sightseers and the pictures, etc., that they wished to examine. And of course the astonished natives jabbered and yelled; it was hard to make them keep their hands off the strangers' persons, and harder still to prevent them from meddling with the motor and its belongings. Yet they were neither hostile nor thievish, merely frenzied with curiosity about these queer travellers in a wonderful vehicle. Nor did the vile food and viler

accommodation of the Abruzzi inns afford much rest or refreshment. Nevertheless our pilgrims of art managed to keep their tempers and make the best of everything. What most tried their patience was the difficulty of protecting their machine from meddling fingers. Yet the author describes these Abruzzi villagers as:

A kindly, simple folk, sometimes of African darkness, sometimes showing the fair hair and skin derived from an old Celtic strain, and all charmingly picturesque in the red, white, and yellow garments we have seen so vividly rendered in Michetti's great pictures."

Everywhere, too, these untutored peasants greeted the masked and spectacled motorists with their traditional expressions of courtesy.

Our travellers often chanced on curious sights and ceremonies as they whizzed along. One day they met a procession preceded by tall, swaying banners, and bearing aloft the image of a cherished Madonna, on the way to the shrine of another Virgin of superior rank. It was a lengthy procession, with bands of singing maidens walking arm in arm, and strings of boys arrayed in the tattered blue robes of some pious confraternity. Naturally the latter broke the line of march to crowd round the 50 h.p. machine that had been brought to a standstill under a wayside tree to mark its occupants' respect for the pious function.

Incidents of this kind were keenly enjoyed by the æsthetic motorists, and, the season being that of early June, the southern landscape was seen in its fullest beauty:

On all sides luxuriant greenery, green grass, green corn, green hedges, and almond trees. Only the hemp had turned yellow, and its massed seed-pods made every field resemble the roughened gold backgrounds of early masters, while between ranks of olives and oaks one saw stretches of country carpeted with richly-tinted blossoms repeating all the colours of local costumes." . . . What glorious mountain views we had those days! The Gran Sasso and the Maiella, both covered with snow, resembled huge glaciers, and with the solemn crests of the Apennines rising above them, produced the effect of softened Latinised Alps.

Then the charms of the various rivers! The noble reaches of the winding Pescara, the breezy vale of the Ticino, whose brimming sapphire flood is banked by masses of densest foliage.

The literary associations of these Abruzzi scenes increased their fascination for our author. Being a staunch admirer of Gabriele d'Annunzio, whose work, as he notes, is "soaked in local colour," it was a joy to catch sight of the "convent garden full of lilies at Francavilla a Mare," the poet's home, and to see his "snow-clad Marilla." Yet, as Signor Placci justly remarks, often it is better *not* to see the places described to us in books. No matter how beautiful they may be, their real aspect must change if not destroy the imaginary scenes evoked by the writer's words. In any case, as every one has found, no written description, however accurate, can convey the same picture to all. For, more or less, the scene it presents to the reader's mental eye is only a reflection of what he is able to imagine. "But the problems of so-called 'visualisation' are still unsolved."

To English travellers Normandy is familiar ground. Its history and its treasures of art have been so exhaustively studied by Freeman, Ruskin, and other British experts, that, passing over Signor Placci's cultured appreciation of its sights, we will only quote one or two of his very artistic and original remarks:

It seems to me that the truest representation of the Norman landscape is owed to the anonymous tapestry-workers of olden days. They have faithfully reproduced the bluish-green tints of woods and fields, the grey-blue distance, the indigo shadows of avenues of gigantic trees. This northern region resembles a living tapestry, thanks to its wind-swept oat-fields and quivering foliage. This is what cheers the monotony of the vast levels we traverse in our motor. But other Norman characteristics, such as the sylvan peace of the small, cloistered orchards enclosed within trim, low hedges, and the many narrow lanes through which our machine winds slowly and silently as if on tip-toe—these have been best interpreted by Fouquet's magic brush.

This Norman chapter concludes with some charming words on "a poetic sunset of pearl-white and crimson" seen from Avranches, in view of the miraculous Mont St. Michel, "that dream vision of the legendary Monsalvat."

The chapter on "Provincial France" shows the same keen appreciation of local character, for the writer, being steeped in French literature, naturally seizes on every detail serving to rectify or complete his mental pictures of scenes described by favourite authors such as Stendahl, Balzac, Flaubert, Maupassant, Anatole France, etc. :

While granting (he says) that local knowledge is not indispensable to our enjoyment of books, one requires a smattering of local traits to supply the needed minimum of correct associations. It is easier to gain this in France than in Italy, where every spot shows some individual note in architecture, landscape, and costume. Seven days' travel by motor through the sparsely inhabited spaces of provincial France is enough to supply us with the actual backgrounds and types portrayed in books. Sleepiness is the prominent note in many provincial towns, where mouldy eighteenth-century façades are so incongruously illuminated by electric lamps. But out in the open country one revels in the splendid variety of French *châteaux*. From mediæval fortresses to the miniature palaces of Napoleonic days, one may study every transition in architecture from the ancient castle to the modern villa, as one flits through avenues of poplars and limes, or across stretches of turf. We see innumerable great mansions, each one distinctly of its own period. Henry IV., Francis I., all the Louises have given their names to some pleasant variety in traditional architecture. We also find others displaying a happy alliance of opposite styles, leading deftly and gracefully to a novel combination of lines—as, for instance, a Louis XII. basement surmounted by a first floor of the Francis I. period, with one wing added on under Louis XIV. in strange contrast with the earlier one of fanciful fifteenth-century style, and yet constituting together a most attractive whole. Truly, French architects have a special gift for the art of felicitous adaptation, being able to fuse different styles into a new and satisfying harmony. Do we not see at Besançon how a Roman arch may look perfectly at home against a cathedral that is half of mediæval, half of seventeenth-century architecture? What, too, of that supremely artistic corner by the great clock of Rouen where four centuries of varying architecture are so harmoniously brought together? Then, do we not find the same gracious union of opposite styles at Caen, Dole, St. Malo, and Champigny-sur-Vende?

The author also notes that while the French are always vaunting the charms of their capital, they never mention the art treasures or scenery of their provinces. In fact, only the other day a very talented Frenchwoman said to me while talking about the book: "Signor Placci knows and appreciates my beautiful France far better than the majority of my countrymen."

Indeed, wherever he goes our author always seizes on the essential characteristics of the land and deduces apt psychological observations.

His descriptions of Beyreuth during the Wagner season and the normal Beyreuth in winter are specially illuminating, although the quaint little city is now a well-hackneyed theme.

His "Re-impressions of England" voice the sensations of expatriated Britons, for, as Signor Placci spent most of his childhood in our country, he shares the surprise felt by all of us who seldom return there at the notable changes to be found in our "land of strong contrasts." And he presently adds:

The aspect of England and the strange customs prevailing there are no less amazing to us Italians than the harmonious mixture it exhibits of retrograde survivals with all the distinctive characteristics of the present day and of the days that are to come.

Also he feels puzzled by the mystery of the bond of sympathy and mutual comprehension that decidedly exists between Italians and English. This mutual liking, he thinks, is neither to be explained by the directness of Nature that is common to both races, nor even by a certain similarity of political ideas, seeing that it is natural for an island and a peninsula to hold identical views on politics and naval expansion. Accordingly, there must be, he maintains, some deeper and more vital point of contact; otherwise why should Shakespeare be so popular in Italy,

England so devoted to the study of Dante, and the idea of a closer political alliance so welcome to both countries? The same hidden point of contact must account not only for the number of happy Anglo-Italian marriages, but also for the fact that so many Italians, like myself, without a single drop of English blood in our veins, always regard Great Britain as our second country and the best model to be imitated in most matters. "It is the secret of all this that I long to discover."

But as we have no space for a compendium of the whole of this charming volume, we must leave our readers to follow Signor Placci's wanderings from Algiers to Recanati, from the Engadine to Trent and Apulia, and across the German frontier to a typical Russian manor-house, thus enjoying at first hand his vivid descriptions and original theories on art, Nature, and mankind.

CALDERON, IBSEN, AND PLINY

The Life-work of Calderon. The Life-work of Hendrik Ibsen. The Life-work of Pliny the Younger. From the Russian of MEREJKOWSKI. By G. A. MOUNSEY. (Moring, 1s. 6d. net each.)

THESE dainty little books would make good presents from a "cultured" young lover to the lady whom he wishes to educate to his intellectual level. One could learn to talk quite passably about Calderon, Pliny, or Ibsen after perusing them; and the best of it is that one would be talking very good sense. Merejkowski is well known as the author of a penetrating and outspoken volume on Tolstoy, and he usually says the right thing. Antiquated as he professes to find Calderon's standard of ethics and philosophy of life, he at least realises that they deserve attention and respect. He has an admirable passage on the contrast between the eighteenth-century view and the modern view of mediæval sainthood and morality, and effectually defends Calderon against the silly charge made by a German Protestant that he worshipped the Cross, not the Crucified. Of Ibsen, too, he has good things to say. In the "Glove" and the "Kreutzer Sonata"

Tolstoy and Björnson both preach and eagerly desire the attainment of these theories and toil on behalf of their realisation. Whether we admire or despise Ibsen, it is in any case impossible to deny that as an artist he stands entirely outside the practical condition of life, and he captivates by showing us the Divine side of the emotion of love.

Overstated, but fundamentally true. The little books are not free from errors. Some of them are the author's. It is absurd to talk of Pliny as one of the first men who learned to express the feeling for Nature, and one of the first to oppose to the noise and bustle of the town the peace and solitude of a country villa. What, one asks, of Horace and of Virgil? It is equally absurd to talk of early Christianity as stifling the love of Nature. And what in the world is meant by the "juicy ripeness" of the style of Tacitus? It is wrong to ascribe to Shakespeare the "breaking from the rule that the action of a play must all take place in one locality"—a breaking which was achieved by his predecessors—and equally wrong to say that Shakespeare broke the connection between the Miracles and the drama. The facts of Ibsen's visit to Norway in 1885 are misstated, and it is inaccurate, or at any rate misleading, to describe Schulerud as the "publisher" of *Catiline*. Other faults must be ascribed to the translator. Ibsen's two last works are not *Hedda Gabler* and *The Master Builder* now, though they may have been when the original Russian was written. "Hendrik" is not the correct form of the author's first name, nor the form commonly used in England. And when many of these plays and characters are household words in England it is a pity that they should appear in these pages in an unfamiliar form: *The Alliance of Youth*, *Tæa Elvshted*, *The Comedy of Love*, *Vöytel in Heligoland*, and so on. The forms given to the names in the book on Pliny are not above reproach, and there are misprints in the Latin. Still, the work is very fairly done on the whole, and the three little books would make useful introductions to a study of their subjects.

THE CARMELITE "CHIEF"

WE live in an epoch of miracles. Things happen around us which it is really impossible should happen. And for the most part these things are unbeneficial in their nature. For contrary to common opinion a miracle need not always be a beneficent miracle. In the *Daily News* of Saturday last we were presented with a photograph of a very glum and bitter faced youth, who was described as "Alfred Charles William Harmsworth, Baron Northcliffe of the Isle of Thanet." Of course there is no miracle here. Baron Northcliffe, it seems, had been admitted during last week to have purchased "the controlling influence" in the *Times* newspaper; and in the sandblind eye of the editor of the *Daily News* such purchase naturally rendered Baron Northcliffe of the Isle of Thanet "the man of the week," and worthy to have his glum and dour picture circulated in the week-end issue of the *Daily News*. So far, so good. But supporting and buttressing the *Daily News's* engaging likeness of a nobleman we were offered a matter of two and a half solid columns concerning Baron Northcliffe's "character." We are of opinion that the contents of these columns in all their smug wrong-headedness can only have appeared in the *Daily News* by miraculous intervention. Either a miracle has actually taken place, or the *Daily News* is for some reason or other disposed to part with the very last rags of decency and sanity which are believed to cover its humorous bones. Let us look into these columns and weep for the *Daily News*. The organ of Liberalism sees its Baron Northcliffe as one sees through glass. It calls him "the common man in an uncommon degree." It explains that "he is simply the type of the man who wants material success and nothing else." It says, with some irony, that truly considered Baron Northcliffe "is a humble-minded young person" whose opinions are "of so little consequence that he is always ready to adopt those of other people, provided that they represent the majority." And it adds that "he is a smart man, the representative man of a smart age," that he has "adroitness," and that because of his smartness

The old journalism is dead, the voice of *Answers* speaks in the thunders of *Times*, and Lord Northcliffe bestrides the world like a Colossus, the type of power without the sense of responsibility—of material success without moral direction.

Obviously, therefore, the *Daily News* labours under no illusions as to the common character of this man, Alfred Charles William Harmsworth, Baron Northcliffe of the Isle of Thanet. Consequently, the *Daily News* can have no excuse or answer for the charge which we shall bring against it—namely and to wit, the charge of failing, when the moment arose, to point out to that section of the public among whom it circulates that Baron Northcliffe of the Isle of Thanet is a woeful person, that the journals with which he is connected are working irreparable harm on the country, and that his acquisition of "the controlling interest" in the *Times* newspaper is a most serious public misfortune. The statements of the *Daily News* with respect to Baron Northcliffe amount in effect to approving statements. As we have seen, the picture of the Baron is labelled "the man of the week," while the article about him is sub-titled "a character-study." Herein, needless to say, lies tacit approval. For even the wildest of journals does not include dubious persons in its "men of the week" columns. In view of the pretensions of the *Daily News* a half-page "show" accorded to Baron Northcliffe, including sneers at his imitators and a gratuitous puff for his publications is a distinct "scoop" for the Baron and a distinct and explicit going over, on the part of the *Daily News*, from the side of the angels to the side of less admirable powers. The question as to whether the *Daily News* article will or will not hurt the personal feelings of the Baron is of no great account. The *Daily News* may have succeeded in flicking him on the personal raw. But the point is that in effect the *Daily News* article will not have the smallest injurious consequences upon the Harmsworth organisation, but will rather serve to confirm the common man and the common

Liberal in the conviction that the Harmsworth journals are a necessary and innocuous outcome of the time, that the public need them and cannot do without them, and that Baron Northcliffe is to be congratulated rather than condemned by reason of his acumen in perceiving that the English people are a common and a trivially-minded people, and that if you wish to rise from the kennels of hand-to-mouth journalism to the gilded honours of the peerage it would be well for you to hand out to the public common, trivial, and harmful things. The notion that nobody but Baron Northcliffe could do this much for England is an entirely mistaken one. As a matter of fact, Baron Northcliffe has never exhibited a spark of originality in his life. *Answers*, which was the foundation of his undesirable fortunes, failed utterly exactly in so far as it was not a glorious imitation of *Tit-Bits*. The *Daily Mirror*, which, according to the *Daily News*, is an example of the Baron's exalted perceptive gifts, resulted on his own showing in a loss of £250,000 or some such sum at the outset, and became the paper which it is to-day by the sheerest fluke. In the beginning, at any rate, the *Daily Mail* was imitated out of America, and we believe that the policy of the paper at the present moment is to give to the English people just as much of the lower kind of American journalism as they can be induced to stand. All the talk about the Harmsworth originality, the Harmsworth mind, and the Harmsworth force and will is the simplest bunkum; inasmuch as from first to last the journals concerned have merely taken the line of least resistance and pandered assiduously to that side of human nature which the consciences of honest persons throughout the ages have prevented them from pandering to. Until the Harmsworths came upon the scene there had never been in the history of the world an instance of explicit endeavour on the part of any writer or thinker to make money or power for himself by an appeal to the more vulgar instincts of humanity. From the beginning down to the beautiful period of the Baron it has never entered into the mind of man cheerfully, unblushingly, and with a view to emolument to encourage or confirm his fellows in grossness, triviality, and flat and unedifying methods of thought. Of old, and before the Harmsworths, the people who wrote or spoke said: "Here is my neighbour; when I write or speak it shall be for his improvement, and if I am merely to entertain him it shall be through his senses of beauty and of what is comely and of good report." The Harmsworths have said: "Here are the English-speaking people, who have just learned to read. They are a gross, husk-hungry, unthinking lot—in point of fact, not men but swine—and the people who offer them pearls are fools. We will provide them with swill at a hapenny a bucket and get rich on the proceeds." And because the people of England squeal round the troughs and tumble over one another to keep their snouts in the Harmsworth mess, great is the name of the Harmsworths, and one of them is a Baron of the United Kingdom and buys the controlling interest in the *Times* and is treated to the approval and implicit blessing of the *Daily News*!

We do not imagine ourselves to be at all singular in our view as to the undesirable and improper character of the Harmsworth influence among the masses of the people. We believe that influence to be deplored by all persons who have at heart the best interests of the country. Even the *Daily News* cannot refrain from venturing on the assertion that "Lord Northcliffe, with his shop-window novelties, is but a transition phase. He is only the echo of the passing mood and the shallow craze." Which means that inside itself the *Daily News* knows that his ways are wrong and rotten. The *Daily News*, however, merely fobs us off with prattle, and there is a too general disposition among people who should know better to invite us to the same sort of futility. It is all very well to leave the wicked to their own devices in the knowledge that "time will set things right," but if this principle is to be accepted in favour of the Harmsworths we might just as well accept it in the favour of rogues and obviously evil persons. Yonder man has picked a pocket or slain his brother. Combat him not;

repress him not; print his picture in the *Daily News* and call him "the man of the week." He represents "a transition phase;" he is only the echo of "a passing" desire for other people's money, or a "shallow craze" for taking the life of his fellows. Leave him to Time, who, of course, will some day make all men honest and all men humane. Meanwhile, if a few people have their pockets picked and a few others are murdered in cold blood we must put up with it. For our own part we hold that the Harmsworth group of papers and the Harmsworth methods of befooling and distracting and disturbing the public mind, constitute a profounder danger to the State and to the individual than all the malefactors we are ever likely to catch. And we are not in the least inclined to rest content with the "transition phase," "passing mood," and "shallow craze" theory. There is nothing in the law of England (and it is not desirable that there should be anything in the law) to prevent persons of the Harmsworth stamp from disseminating their amazing gutter-sheets. But we will never believe that the people of England have become so eaten up with the Harmsworth commonness, triviality, and vitiating smartness that they cannot shake it off. It may be somewhat of a trial to a busy man to refrain from reading the *Daily Mail*, the which we admit to be on the whole a comparatively harmless news-sheet. On the other hand, it is one's duty so to refrain, and it is one's bounden duty to keep out of one's hands and out of one's house all and sundry other Harmsworth publications whatever. For if the "transition phase" upon which so many good people appear to be depending is to end satisfactorily and in a manner proper and beneficial for the country, the rising generation, at any rate, must be shielded and protected from the Harmsworth influence. As it is, the youth, and for that matter the very infancy, of the country is being bred up and inured to absolutely intolerable ideals. The happy homes of England are become so many puzzle-solving, subscription-getting, and advertising agencies for the Harmsworths. Where a couple of generations back you found a child busy over Andersen's fairy tales, or "Robinson Crusoe," or the "Pilgrim's Progress," you will now find him up to the eyes in cheap pigments, colouring idiotic line-drawings on the off-chance of winning half-a-guinea in a Harmsworth competition, or worrying his friends to death for pennies whereby he may secure enough coupons to get a "free" football at the supposed cost and charge of Baron Northcliffe of the Isle of Thanet. All that the misguided child has to do is to send in more coupons than the next child and the football is his. *Mutatis mutandis* it is so with the youths and so with the young women, as we were able to show in our last issue. And competitions apart, grave injury is bound to be done by every sheet these grinders of the face of England issue from their unholy dens. The tone of the Harmsworth journals as a body makes for the stupidest and most absolute perniciousness. These rags send up a daily and hourly paean for Success, Smartness, Cleverness, and Triviality as opposed to Orderly Living, Honesty, Good Sense, and Morality. According to them "cleverness" is the only goodness, "daintiness" the only beauty, "smartness" the only rule of conduct, and "silliness" the only sphere for thought. The results are plainly to be discerned in pretty well every walk of life. We give the Carmelite Chief credit for the possession of enough common sense to know what manner of evil it is that he has consistently and wilfully wrought upon his fellows. We have thought that at times he has endeavoured in some sort to mitigate the more glaring and flagrant of his methods. If we are correct in this surmise we are heartily glad that it should be so. On the other hand there can be no doubt that the fell work goes unflaggingly on, whether with or without the conscious approval of the Baron himself. If it is to be stopped in its whirling and destructive course, it is the British individual who will have to stop it. Let him restrain his appetite for the Harmsworth sugar-stick and lumping haporths, and, if he must indulge, for heaven's sake let it be in secret and in shame, and outside his home.

And for the *Daily News* and all similar sheets we have but one word—namely, praise not and be not acquiescent in that which is evil. X.

REALISM AND SYMBOL

I TRIED to point out in last week's ACADEMY that art is not a trick, not in any way analogous to the performances of the celebrated pony who took port wine with the clown, not in any way related to the shows of dancing dogs or learned elephants. It is not in the nature of horses to drink with clowns, nor have dogs danced *ab initio*; the elephant of the wilds does not ring a bell for his dinner: all these "arts" are things superimposed, they are fantastic upper stories which are no part of the original design of the building. Here is to be sought the fundamental distinction between these tricks and human Art with the capital A. I do not know whether the opposite view—the opinion which holds that art is "artificial," the result of civilisation and gentle manners—has ever been formally proclaimed; but I should imagine that some such opinion might very possibly be found in the works of Herbert Spencer. That deceased "philosopher" would probably maintain that art grew out of some or all of man's physical necessities, and that the primitive man was originally no more an artist than is a hippopotamus. It is not necessary to argue this position, since, as I have demonstrated, it is entirely false. It is from the earliest men, from the dimmest and most remote ages, that the artistic impulse, the whole matter of the arts, has descended to us; and all true art of to-day is written or painted or carved or sung in the oldest of all tongues, in a language that is ancient, and secret, and universal. Art is the expression of the human soul, of the eternal things in man; and to man it is as profoundly natural as is the song to the bird.

Last week I showed that art was the true expression of humanity, the grand *differentia* between men and the other animals; but there is another aspect of the matter. From the one proposition follows the other—if art be a mystery-language of the human soul it must have an interpretation. Never a perfect one, since the higher cannot be adequately translated in terms of the lower, and, personally, I always feel the impertinence of the attempt to interpret great music by a flourish of words and phrases. Still, all great art has "a meaning," in other words, it is symbolic. There is all the difference in the world between a landscape by Turner and the best photograph of the same scene. Setting aside the fact that Turner deliberately altered the scenes that he painted, that he treated mountains and lakes, trees, and cathedrals very much as a good stage-manager treats a stage-crowd; setting this quite on one side, one sees that the painting has received that consecration which Wordsworth speaks of: the natural has been assumed into the supernatural; the hills and streams have been exalted in glory, and the fallen world has risen from the dead. In the order of nature there were masses of earth and water and the growth of trees; on the canvas these things have become a sacrament and a symbol.

Hence it follows that all great art is profoundly "realist." It is time that this word with its ancient and honourable philosophical associations should be definitely rescued from the intolerable degradation into which it has fallen. Intolerable, and nonsensical too; for, as a matter of fact, a great part of the literature which has been called realistic is profoundly unreal. The "Mummer's Wife," for example, which is a painstaking and clever transcript of low theatrical life, is as unreal as any photograph; it has no relation of any sort or kind whatsoever to the eternities and realities. If man were a surface it would be real, but man being a cubical figure it is most unreal. It is, indeed, difficult to say from what complicated attack of folly this perversion of a fine word arose; the notion that a certain skill in the minute delineation of "unpleasant" characters and incidents makes a writer a "realist" certainly seems to belong more to Bedlam and Colney Hatch than to the world that is free of those high walls. Let it be added

speedily, in case of misapprehension, that to the artist neither the pleasant nor the unpleasant, the moral nor the immoral, the sordid nor the clean, profit anything in themselves. When there is a true symbol truly displayed there is art. The symbol may be in terms of the darkest pits of human misery and squalor and wickedness, or it may be in terms of the Holy Places. There are seekers for precious stones, not after the flesh nor after the manner of South Africa, who discover jewels in the cesspools and the gutters, for whom there are right Orient pearls "exceeding rich and rare," shining in the foulest middens of humanity. And, on the other hand, there is a far greater multitude who stand in the very sanctuary at the hour of the sacrificing of the Mass and have the power to retransmute the Blessed Gifts into ginger-beer and mixed biscuits. These are the people who write what are called "good" books—that is, in plain English, books which, by bringing religion into contempt, odium, and ridicule, are more harmful than a wilderness of pornographic libraries. Perhaps I had better explain, by the way, that my phrase about those who find jewels in the gutter is not intended to be an echo of the Banished Duke's most amiable remarks as to finding sermons in stones and good in everything; I do not mean that the moral virtues often exist amidst very deplorable surroundings. I mean that "Wuthering Heights" is a work of supreme genius—a somewhat different matter.

True art, then, is symbolical and realist; and as an example in literature, we may take the "Arabian Nights" as a splendid and typical piece of realism. Not, be it understood, because the account of the manners and customs of the court of Haroun Alraschid is historically correct. I neither know nor care whether this be the case, and in the art of literature, correct information about Haroun's court does not count. It is, indeed, highly probable that many of the incidents in the story of Aladdin never happened, and I understand that modern science is sceptical on the question of the genie. But realism, in its true and philosophical and artistic sense, has nothing whatever to do with correct information; neither a manual of chemistry nor the racing news is entitled to be called realistic literature. No; the "Arabian Nights" is a realistic book because it utters, by means of certain symbols, a profound experience of all humanity.

Perhaps not the dullest dog of us all has been wholly without this experience. One may pass many examinations and yet not miss it, one may yield years to "advanced" thought and yet have one's share in it. I would not utterly deny its occasional presence in the very sanctuaries of Protestant Dissent. Perhaps one exception to this rule may be made; perhaps the one person to whom the tale of Aladdin means nothing is the modern millionaire, who, oddly enough, is the one person who might realise in dull fact a great part of Aladdin's splendours. It is really curious to consider that the egregious Carnegie might have built himself a very splendid palace; "instead of which" he has chosen to devote himself to the erection of free libraries. Perhaps it is better so; there are hands in which gold, and marble, and precious stones, and all the loveliness of the world become changed to something much more offensive than withered leaves. But, setting this interesting and important speculation on one side, I repeat that there comes to most of us, at one time or another, an experience which is only translatable in terms of the "Arabian Nights." We are walking in the common, grimy street, weighed down with cares or pleasures, or pain or worries, our minds filled with all manner of unimportant, unreal stuff; and suddenly we see the door in the wall, that door that we have never noticed before; and we enter in by it and the Princess awaits us, and we are made free of palaces of gold and crystal, and the slaves with their trays of rubies and emeralds and pearls are our slaves; ours are the magic carpet and the golden water and the enchanted lamp; the fairies are our ministrants, and we see all things in a magic glass of divination. The world, in a word, is transformed; it has put on the glowing and glistening robe of enchantment, every way is a way of wonder, and as one looks on

common things and the usual and accustomed passages of life they seem to tremble and waver as if they were a curtain on the point to part asunder and disclose tremendous and most beautiful mysteries. And those who know these times of a strange and mystic exaltation know also how impotent is the logical speech to tell the story of them, how they can scarcely be imagined even in coherent thought; there is nothing for it but to fall back on the "Arabian Nights," on a world of jewels and lovely ones, and fine gold and brides from fairyland, on a world where magic and enchantment and rapture are latent in every stone, in every blade of grass. And there is a far higher region than this Arabian Paradise. The Catholic alone knows how the denial of the doctrine of Transubstantiation has robbed the world of the fulness of joy, but the initiated Catholic knows also that the final secrets of this matter are to be sought not so much in the formal and logical definition of the Church as in the Romances of the Sangraal. The mystery of the Eucharist is a tremendous and unearthly mystery; no words of the understanding can compass it, but it is (almost) unveiled when the deadly flesh of Galahad began to tremble, being brought near to the Spiritual Things. And this is realism.

Then there is quite another sort of literature that may rightly be called realistic. That is the literature of wandering, named picaresque, the literature that symbolises a sense that we all have at times, the sense that we are bound on a journey of strange adventures, that marvels lie beyond the bend of the road, that we have but to go on and on and wonders will be manifested to us. The wanderings of Ulysses charm by this symbol, and oddly enough the true interest of the "Pilgrim's Progress" is due to a like enchantment. In literature allegory is, on the whole, a vice, as Poe pointed out; this is the weakness of "Jekyll and Hyde." So far then as the "Pilgrim's Progress" is allegorical it is bad, and yet it is a classic, because in practice we are able to forget the elaborate and minute allegory and to accept Christian as a simple *picaro*, a wanderer by ways strange and unknown. Allied to him are the very different Mr. Pickwick and Don Quixote, and the graceless Roderick Random and Peregrine Pickle have in a lower degree their part in the symbol of the white road climbing the far hill and descending into un conjectured country. In "Pickwick," too, there are the far-descended traces of another symbol, the great Sign of the Vine which is displayed with such splendour of emblazonment in "Gargantua" and "Pantagruel," the hieroglyph of the ecstasy and joy of life—this also being a portion of the lost Paradise. It is not to be wondered at that ignorant and besotted ecclesiastics have solemnly cursed "Pickwick" as an attack on the great temperance movement. I noted a week ago the curious fact that man alone of all creatures has the power of dispossessing himself of his high privileges. He is the nightingale that, if he will, may bray like an ass.

Literature, then, is (as are all the arts) a book *intus et foris scriptus*. The surface is plain for all to see—comical, or tragical, or tragical-comical. Within are to be found the great secrets of the nature of man, the symbols of our true and essential being; and so all fine literature is profoundly and truly realistic.

ARTHUR MACHEN.

"THE BOOK OF ST. ALBANS"

I BEG leave to submit some further remarks as to "The Book of St. Albans," which I discussed recently.

Mr. Blades is wholly right in his separation of the book into three distinct parts, originally unconnected, which have been gathered together by a compiler.

These are: (1) The Book of Hawking, in prose; (2) The Book of Hunting, in verse; and (3) The Book of Arms, in prose. The names of the authors of the first and third parts have not been recorded.

But it should be noticed, further, that there are extra pieces of "padding," which do not belong to any of the

three, but are thrown in for the reader's benefit; so that the final colophon says, significantly: "*Hic finis diversorum, generosis valde utilium, ut intuitibus patebit.*"

A careful analysis of the book shows that, after all, the Book of Hunting occupies only about one-seventh part of the whole.

We may therefore hope that the compilers of future histories of English literature will be careful to point out, with reference to "The Book of St. Albans," these two essential facts: first, that the lady mentioned is Dame Julyans Barnes; and secondly, that all that can be assigned to her is the Book of Hunting, being about one-seventh of the whole work.

A fresh and careful analysis of the language of this Book of Hunting might perhaps tell us more. It will, I think, be found that it is by no means original, but compiled from various sources. One of these, as pointed out in the "*Reliquiæ Antiquæ*," I., 149, is the French tract called "*Le Venery de Twety*;" or, rather, the English prose version of it which is there printed. But some of the remarks there made are inaccurate; for we are told that our Book of Hunting "is only a metrical version of Twety's tract, with here and there a little enlargement." The truth is that the enlargement is considerable and the correspondence partial; nevertheless, there are certain passages in which the correspondence is extremely close. The following examples are striking.

Here is the prose translation of Twety:

Now wyl we speke of the hert, and speke we of his degree; that is to say, the fyrst yere he is a calfe, the secunde yere a broket, the iij. yere a spayer, the iiij. yere a stagge, the v. yere a greet stagge, the vi. yere a hert at the fyrst hed.

And here is Dame Julyans Barnes' verse:

And for to speke of the hert, iff ye will it lere,
Ye shall hym a Calfe call at the fyrst yere;
The secunde yere a Broket, so shall ye hym call;
The therde yere a Spayad, lerneth thus all.
The fowrth yere a Stagge, call hym by any way,
The fifthe yere a grete Stagge, youre dame bids yow say.
The vi. yere, call ye hym an hert;
Doth so, my [dere] childe, wylis ye been in quart.

Observe how well versed was "our dame" in the use of supplementary tags! "In quart" means in peace or at rest, and it is very useful. I first gave its origin in my "*Notes on English Etymology*."

Sometimes the lady has the skill to lift a whole line from its surroundings. Thus in "The Hunting of the Hare" the prose has the remark:

And if ye se that your houndes have good wyl to renne.

And our dame annexes this bodily by simply omitting that:

And iff ye se yowre howndes haue goode wille to renne.

Which is neatly done. Once more, just below, the prose has:

And if eny fynde of hym, where he hath ben, Rycher or Bemond, ye shall sey, "*oiez à Bemond le vayllaunt, que quide trovere le coward, ou le court cow.*" And if ye se that [he] hath be there at pasture, if it be tyme of grene corne and you fynde wel of hym, ye shall seye, "*là, douce amy, là il a esté, for hym, sohow.*" And than ye shull blowe iij. notes. Yf your hund ne chace not wel hym, there one and ther another, as he was [read has] pasturyd hym, ye shall say, "*illeosque, illeosque, illeosque,*" alway whan they fynde wele of hym; &c.

"Bemond" and "Richer" are names of dogs, and the "coward" is the hare with the short tail.

The curious way in which this is reproduced in verse is among the curiosities of literature:—

And iff any fynde of the haare, ther he hath bene,
And he hight Richer or Bemounde, [say] thus to hym bedene,
"Oyez a Bemounde le vaillant," and I shall you avowe,
"Que quide trou[ver] la cowarde, ou la court cove,"
That Bemonde the worth[i]e, without any fayle,
That wenyth to fynde the coward with the short tayle.

And iff ye se where the hare at pasture hath bene,
Iff it be in the tyme of the corne grene,
And iff yowre houndes chace weell at yowre wille,
Then iij. notes shall ye blaw both lowde and shille,

[A new page begins; two lines lost.]

There oon and there an-other, ther he pasturyde has,
Then say, "*illoques, illoques,*" in the same place.

So say to hem in kynde,
Vnto tyme that ye hir fynde.

The description by Dame Barnes of the Breaking of the Hart—i.e., the cutting up of it—extends to more than ninety lines; so she must certainly have consulted other sources. There are several to be had, amongst which I may mention the "*Romances of Tristram*" and of "*Gawaine and the Grene Knight*," and "*The Parliament of the Three Ages*," all of which contain full directions for this important exhibition of woodcraft. They differ as to details much more than might be expected.

WALTER W. SKEAT.

THE LONDON SALON OF ALLIED ARTISTS

THE readiness with which many hundreds of painters have accepted the invitation of the Allied Artists' Association shows the strength of the need felt in the world of painting for some society which is more catholic in its sympathies than the societies at present in existence. There are absolutely no bounds to the sympathies of this truly democratic association; the work of any painter who made an application before the first day of June is accepted, and the hanging is decided by lot. In this way the utmost freedom and fairness is offered. By casting this wide net the originators of this scheme hope to bring in those pictures which by reason of certain new characteristics do not conform to the requirements of committees which are, as a rule, composed of the older men who have made their position and reputation; they are in consequence conservative in idea, and unwilling to admit or countenance work which does not conform to the theories of their youth, and so, admirable in principle as these theories may be, they shut out work of a new aim or character. Of course this limitless invitation admits as well those pictures which have no other qualification for rejection by the existing societies than their unrelieved badness; but if among the outcasts there should be the work of one or two painters whose pictures are rejected because their radical newness (which may contain the germ of real progress) puts them outside the bounds of the existing societies, then the Allied Artists' Association justifies its origin, and earns the gratitude of painters and the discriminating public alike. No painter now, however revolutionary his theories in paint, can with justice complain of lack of opportunity to submit his work to the public, or that section of the public which may appreciate his efforts. That this association has been accepted seriously by painters and artists of standing is evident in the fact that Messrs. Wilson Steer, Mark Fisher, Augustus John, Walter Crane, John Tweed, and Frank Brangwyn are all either on the Hanging Committee or exhibitors. It might have been expected that this unrestricted opportunity would have brought to light a greater number of obvious and startling experiments, instead of which, with few exceptions indeed, the pictures might easily have been seen on the walls of exhibitions elsewhere in London, and by comparison with its French equivalent, the *Salon des Indépendants*, the Allied Artists' Association wears an air of almost mouselike meekness—in fact, it might be said that that mountain, the Albert Hall, has laboured and brought forth a litter of mice. There is certainly a small series of strange canvases which might have been painted and coloured to do combat with the killing light and distance of the stage, but their insincerity is so frank that they do not even challenge serious comment. In place of originality one is confronted with unashamed imitations of several well-known painters. There are pictures here which would never have been painted if certain mannerisms and styles had not been originated by Messrs. Wilson Steer, J. S. Sargent, Edward Stott, A. E. John, Walter Russell, and James Pryde. There is, too, in the work of many of the younger painters who

have achieved a personal method a lack of vigour and exuberance, a fragility of conception and expression which is not characteristic of youth and progress; there are many quite charming and attractive little pictures, but they lack power and vitality. This exhibition has certainly been the means of introducing the work of several more or less unknown painters, whose pictures, if not possessing a very strong impulse of originality, are yet of a high standard. The five canvases by Mr. Glyn W. Philpot fall into this category; the influence of Tiepolo is very strong in his "Christ Mocked by the Soldiers" (not that it is to be inferred that the influence of this master is a drawback), and his pictures lack colour; but the actual painting in them is undoubtedly good. The portrait of the Countess Krasinska, by M. Konrad Krzyzanowski, though it is rather empty of colour, and though the rest of the picture has been too much subordinated to the face, yet the painting and drawing of the face express very feelingly the unusual and subtle charm of the model. Mr. William Shackleton's "The Love Child" is a picture which is an admirable example of its own particular type and character, one in which the balance of interest between the subject itself and its carrying out is maintained with judgment and discretion. Both drawing and painting are good, and in conception and expression it is quite allowably dramatic. Mr. Gerald Kelly, whose portraits have lately attracted well-deserved attention, is here represented by landscape only, and "Les Halles Centrales" is an arresting if not particularly inspiring study. There are interesting landscapes by M. Gennaro Favai, Mr. Alexander Jamieson, M. Maurice Wagemann, M. Augustus Koopman, Mr. Guy Alexander, and Mr. Oswald Birley, and M. Andree Karpeles' still-life "Un Coin de Table" is particularly charming and delicate in colour.

Among the painters of established reputation Messrs. Mark Fisher and Wilson Steer are both represented by characteristic landscapes. Mr. Lavery has a large and exceedingly capable portrait of a young lady riding, and Mr. James Pryde's "Romantic Landscape" is admirably decorative in its selected and calculated beauty. In M. Mancini's five portraits of the same Italian model (it is difficult to understand why in one of them such an obviously masculine model is called Elizabeth), his unpleasant mannerisms of technique are less obvious than usual, and his undoubted talent for this reason is more easily appreciated. The picture which is uncatalogued is particularly good.

The examination of the larger paintings, hung round the amphitheatre in front of the boxes, is attended by so much difficulty and danger that none but the most enthusiastic and strenuous of sightseers will brave the pitfalls in the shape of chairs and steps among which it is necessary to scramble precariously to get any sort of view of the pictures, while the majority will be content to take a distant, if less satisfactory, view from the arena. Among so many pictures—there are nearly three thousand—it is quite probable that some worthy of attention may have been missed; but the Hanging Committee deserve not only sympathy but also congratulations for having succeeded in reducing such an enormous and unwieldy quantity of pictures to any sort of order in the few days at their disposal.

E. K.

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Terms Life and Death in the Old and New Testament, etc. By LEWIS A. MUIRHEAD, D.D. (Andrew Melrose, 3s. 6d. net.)

If this book were not worth reading for its conclusions, which are of a liberal conservative nature, it would be well worth reading for its aroma of scholarly piety and gentlemanly sincerity. The author sees that the writers of the Divine Library were "caught and held by truth, which is in its totality larger than they can articulately think or

express," which is the poetry, vision, or inspiration in them, and with this key he tries, most modestly, to unlock their inner cupboards. Life as a joyful sojourn with Jehovah, and Death as a colourless existence, seem to him to have developed into deeper ideas, with larger connotations and future implications. There is no paltering with the cowardly doctrine of conditional immortality. In either Testament "the modern idea that annihilation may be the fate of some men has no place"—indeed, it has no place with any one who can think in a straight line. The survey of recent eschatological literature is most valuable, and if the author would eschew such horrid terms as "futuristic" and "literalistic" his style also would be a pleasant one. The deep flaw in the book, which keeps so much labour and so fine a spirit from its full fruit, is the lack of the sacramental method, that constant co-ordinate between the visible and invisible. The real explanation of the apparent contradictions in Christian teaching, the thing which makes Wrede and Schmidt, and indeed most German criticism, valueless, is the fact that the Christian books, being written by sacramentalists, can only be interpreted by the same. When once that is admitted, such sentences as this become impossible: "The pre-existence of Christ did not much, if at all, enter the minds of the early Christians, or, consciously at least, affect the message of the preachers." The *Dies Domini*, the Lamb slain before the foundations of the world, the Logos—indeed the whole faith, if we speak in terms of time—explicitly contains this doctrine. "Pre-existence" and "eschatology" are terms which stand or perish together, according to the plane on which they are used. Consequently, if the latter term can be used of any explicit early Christian teaching, the former doctrine must have been equally present to the teacher's consciousness. It is only a non-sacramentalist who can divide the two, and the fundamental fact is that an orthodox man was always a sacramentalist. It is indeed an anachronism to apply any other method to the Christian dogmata.

Leaf and Tendril. By JOHN BURROUGHS. (Constable and Co., 4s. 6d. net.)

THE essays in this volume may be ranged under two classes. The first are purely descriptive, and these it is possible to praise unreservedly. They are distinguished by wide and accurate observation and by an admirable vigour of style. In their intimate feeling for Nature they remind the reader at times of Richard Jefferies. Nor has Jefferies himself written anything finer than the paper entitled "A Breath of April." In the remaining essays—and they make up the greater portion of the volume—Mr. Burroughs claims our attention as a naturalist with theories. He is interested in the much-debated question of animal intelligence, and advances with a considerable show of plausibility the ancient theory that the determining factor in the habits of the lower animals is instinct rather than reason. In his paper on "Gay Plumes and Dull" Mr. Burroughs would appear to be on less secure ground. He dismisses as unscientific the biological dogma of protective coloration. But his premises are somewhat at fault, for he assumes too hastily that it is only dull or neutral tints that are protective. What then of the zebra, to take the most conspicuous example? No animal could be adorned with brighter colours; yet Professor Galton, when in South Africa, found that it was possible to approach a zebra without being aware of its existence:

On a bright starlight night (he wrote) the breathing of one may be heard close by you, and yet you will be positively unable to see the animal. If the black stripes were more numerous he would be seen as a black mass; if the white, as a white one; but their proportion is such as exactly to match the pale tint which arid ground possesses when seen by moonlight.

Mr. Burroughs asserts that "neutral tints are protective from the point of view of the human eye."

Man demoralises Nature whenever he touches her, in savage tribes and in animal life, as well as in the fields and woods. He makes sharp contrasts wherever he goes—in forms, in colours, in sounds, in odours, and it is not to be wondered at that animals

brought under his influence come in time to show, more or less, these contrasts.

But surely this attempt to detach man from his environment, to regard him, in short, as extra-natural, is grossly unscientific. Man, no less than the lower forms of life, is a product of the evolutionary process, and Mr. Burroughs is a sufficiently keen naturalist to realise that Man is very far indeed from being the only beast of prey. Again, it may be asked on what other theory than that of protective coloration is it possible to account for the present appearance of the Australian sea-horse, the Kaillima butterfly of the Malay Archipelago, or the so-called "walking-stick insect"? The theory is doubtless open to assault, but the *onus probandi* rests with its assailants. And, for our own part, the researches of Professor Poulton, for example—whose monumental book on "The Colours of Animals" we recommend to Mr. Burroughs—have placed the matter beyond all reasonable doubt. It is due, however, to Mr. Burroughs to say that, whether the reader agrees or disagrees with the theories advanced in this volume, he can hardly find the volume itself other than stimulating and suggestive.

Country Sketches for City Dwellers. Painted and Described by Mrs. WILLINGHAM RAWNSLEY. (Black, 7s. 6d. net.)

ONE fault common to so many "colour-books" has been avoided in the present specimen—the subordination of the letterpress to the pictures. It has been avoided here because both the sketches and the writing are by one hand. Not that the fault is a very grave one, for it sometimes happens that if the pictures are good the writing is very bad, and carefully dissociated from the so-called "illustrations." The present volume makes an unpretentious appearance, and betrays a sincere appreciation of the happy subject. With one or two exceptions, the pictures in colour are not greatly superior to those in prose, but it is clear that Mrs. Willingham Rawnsley has a far greater aptitude for the former. The frontispiece is a very fair example of simple, pleasing colouring, and most of the verbal pictures are equally simple and nearly as pleasing. We would only beg her to remember that "style" is not to be achieved by a frequent employment of that best-abused, unlucky word "exquisite." We wish all the recorders of impressions and painters of delights would agree to shun the poor word for a whole compassionate year!

Mrs. Willingham Rawnsley has not chosen only the most obvious beauties wherewith to delight "city dwellers." She writes observantly of winter, and is clearly one of the few who are

Singularly moved

To love the lovely that are not beloved.

She has herself tripped into Tennysonian verse, coming now and again near the right thing, almost sounding the pure note of Tennyson's descriptive verse—and then falling so far!

The Charm of Edinburgh. An Anthology. Compiled by ALFRED H. HYATT. (Chatto and Windus, 2s. net.)

To "The Charm of London" succeeds "The Charm of Edinburgh," and we have now only to await "The Charm of Dublin." This kind of thing obviously has its limit, and we look forward with ill-concealed apprehension to a series of volumes commemorating the respective charms of Widnes, Nijni Novgorod, and Ballykilbeg. So far, however, Mr. Hyatt has furnished no reasonable ground for complaint, and in the volume before us he has contrived to collect all of moment that has been written or sung in praise of Edinburgh, with, it must be confessed, a vast mass of superfluous matter. The selections cover a wide field. They range from the pure gold of Burns to the base counterfeit of S. R. Crockett, and they embrace, *en passant*, panegyrics of such widely dissimilar temperaments as Sir Walter Scott and Tobias Smollett among the classics of the eighteenth century, and the late Sir Henry Campbell-

Bannerman and Mr. Alfred Noyes among the moderns. Perhaps, after all, the supreme merit of this anthology is that it contains something to suit all tastes, and those readers who are repelled by the artificiality of Mr. Maurice Hewlett's style will find recompense for their disappointment in the prose of Louise Chandler Moulton. We commend the volume, on the whole, as a worthy memorial to a classic city.

FICTION

The Liberationist. By HAROLD BINDLOSS. (Ward and Lock, 6s.)

MR. HAROLD BINDLOSS has several better novels than "The Liberationist" to his credit, but his latest book is a very readable story of adventure, skilfully made with many well-known ingredients. The scene is laid in Africa, mostly in Portuguese territory; and here an Englishman named Ormsgill undertakes a commission to rescue some slaves, particularly a certain girl, and in the carrying out of this he runs the risks and encounters the dangers that give the author material for nearly three hundred and fifty pages of breathless adventure. There are a few women in the book, but they are weak characters, and Mr. Bindloss shows his distrust of his own powers in delineating the feminine mind by avoiding the almost necessary woman on every possible occasion. The *Senorita Benicia* is, however, a notable exception, although it is obvious from the first that she is to be Ormsgill's wife, despite his very practical engagement to Miss Ratcliffe. His love affairs form, however, only a very small part of the story, for the author's strength lies in the depicting of forest scenes and the struggles of the white man in Darkest Africa. "The Liberationist" is by no means a great novel, but it should achieve considerable popularity in accordance with its merits.

The Bloom o' the Heather. By S. R. CROCKETT. (Eveleigh Nash, 6s.)

THIS is a volume of short stories very wearisome to read, but in spite of this we finished "The Bloom o' the Heather" with a lively sympathy for the author. Once, it may be, long ago when Mr. Barrie first discovered Thrums, Mr. Crockett really believed in his puppets, with their distilled humour and their raging sentimentality, but now it is apparent that his characters bore Mr. Crockett even more than his readers. The old types are all here: the sexless girls who are more clever than their bluff lovers; the wicked men who reveal outrageous virtues; the good men who commit little sins for the sake of love; the ministers, doctors, and lairds who act as their fictional ancestors acted before them; but the author is no longer at pains to give them even a semblance of life. Rather he is content to regard them as a number of chessmen to be arranged in a sequence of simple problems, and then flung back in the box until they are wanted for another volume. But it is poor work for the writer who gave us such spirited romances as "The Raiders" and "The Grey Man." We should like to note in passing that there is nothing either in the title-page or the advertisements of this book to show that it is a volume of unconnected short stories and not a complete novel. While we are at one with the publishers in desiring to see the short story restored to popularity in book-form, we question whether this is the best way to secure that result.

The Wild Geese. By STANLEY J. WEYMAN. (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.)

MR. STANLEY J. WEYMAN continues to produce novels with an assiduity which reflects credit upon him. There can be no question that he has a public which is quite pleased with him and which looks towards him when it desires agreeable fiction. And yet somehow a good deal of the glint and the glitter appears to have gone out of Mr.

Weyman's writing. In "The Wild Geese" we find him the born story-teller as of old, and more or less taking in his plot and conversations. But we do not think that the book can be compared, at any rate with advantage, to certain of Mr. Weyman's previous performances.

Fate's a Fiddler. By EDWIN GEORGE PINKHAM. (Boston: Small, Maynard, 6s.)

THERE are other fiddlers in the world besides Fate—Mr. Pinkham, the author of the present work, for example. In plain words, Mr. Pinkham exhibits a tendency to fiddle so curiously in the matter of his style that from the outset of this story he repels rather than attracts one. We quote the opening of chapter i.:

In a district of Boston that had just taken upon itself metropolitan honours, in the basement front of a staid brick dwelling of the description inhabited at one time by the solid merchants of the town, but now exhibiting a hopeless breaking out of the professional signs of second-class attorneys, furniture brokers, and painless dentists, and at the corner of the street adjacent to a spot historic in American annals, what I have to tell of myself has its unheroic beginning.

I first became conscious of my small self there at about the time when my head was level with the window-sill, looking up through the grimed panes at the feet of the passing population, just visible (with mighty little leg) through the narrow space between the top of the window and the level of the sidewalk.

In spite of this trick of elaborate diction, however, our author manages to put together a distinctly interesting if somewhat mild story, and he introduces us to a number of characters who, though sufficiently American, are not aggressively or distressingly so. But we are afraid that on the whole the story will not make any great impression upon English readers.

By Neva's Waters. By JOHN R. CARLING. (Ward and Lock, 6s.)

WE have no desire to discourage Mr. Carling, but he is really too amusing:

Now as Viscount Courtenay sat alone toying with his wine-glass, a familiar voice suddenly broke in upon his reverie:

"Wilfrid, that our respective countries—or shall we say our stupid Cabinets?—are at war with each other is surely no ground for breaking off our personal friendship?"

"Prince Ouvaroff! You in Berlin!" exclaimed Wilfrid, his face brightening. And somewhat apprehensive lest the other should salute him, Continental fashion, with a hearty kiss, he quickly extended his hand, and was relieved to find Ouvaroff content with the English mode of greeting.

"'Prince' do you say?" returned Ouvaroff in a tone of quasi-reproach. "It was 'Serge' in the old days."

Not to put too fine a point upon it, this is the kind of stuff which little boys at school call, and deservedly call, "tosh." The slang we must ask forgiveness for, but it is the only expression. It is astonishing that publishers can be found for fiction written in such a hand, and it is even more astonishing that there are people in the world who will read it. Whatever good qualities Mr. Carling's book may possess in the shape of plot and incident or situation are utterly overclouded by the simple silliness of his point of view and the frequent and ridiculous bathos which he contrives to get into his diction. As we have said, we have no wish to discourage him, for he really possesses something of an eye for romance. But we could wish that he would not write about viscounts and princes in the *usus loquendi* of the ambitious school miss.

The Old Allegiance. By HUBERT WALES. (Long, 6s.)

APART from its literary merit or demerit, Mr. Hubert Wales's latest book invites special notice. In the Preface Mr. Wales assures us that he is sorrowfully aware that in the novels he has recently published he has offended the susceptibilities of many kindly people. We trust that Mr. Wales's sorrow is sincere. His offence has been real, and not a species of offence which should be lightly forgiven. On the other hand, in the work before us he professes amendment. "The Old Allegiance," he tells us, "makes no pretence to be other than pure romance. All the customary devices have been adopted, all the conventional

ethical assumptions faithfully swallowed." We gather that the said swallowing has been bitter work for Mr. Wales. But he appears to have taken his medicine and to have determined, for the nonce at any rate, to be a good child. Of course, it is just possible that "The Old Allegiance," though newly published, may not be the most recent of Mr. Wales's works, and that he now trots it out merely as a stop-gap, or as a pot-boiler, or even as an experiment. In any case we can assure him that, despite his own flippant opinion of it, it is much more creditable work and much more proper to be read than are such triumphs as "The Yoke" and "Mr. and Mrs. Villiers." Our hope is that the financial results of this present romance may prove sufficient to confirm Mr. Wales in a continuance on the good path. We consider "The Old Allegiance" to be a highly entertaining and brisk romance in which the stock elements of romance are handled with skill and discernment.

Heather o' the Rivers. By W. HAROLD THOMSON. (Greening, 6s.)

WE cannot congratulate Mr. Thomson on his choice of a title. People who can write "o'" nowadays can just as readily write "of" and be done with it. Why the absence of the harmless, necessary "f" from a simple and useful particle should be considered romantic and poetical is not at all obvious. We suppose somebody will one day entitle a novel "Bess o' Bexhill," and thereby administer the death-blow to a stupid practice. Title apart, however, Mr. Thomson's novel is not by any means ill done, and it is just the kind of book for people who like their fiction to be agreeable and touching without sensations or irremediable tragedies, and planned and contrived to end beautifully. Such a tale is the one which Mr. Thomson has to spread before us, and we can recommend it with confidence to the attention of the public for whom it is intended.

The Council of Justice. By EDGAR WALLACE. (Ward and Lock, 6s.)

WE take it that the author of this story will not wish us to consider him in the figure of a literary person. All he would claim for himself, it seems to us, would be that he is a good, workman-like deviser of the up-to-date story of reasonable sensation. His present book is crowded with people who may be best described as criminals with a purpose:

It is not for you or I (says the author) to judge Manfred and his works. I say "Manfred," though I might as well have said Gonzalez, or, for the matter of that, Poiccart, since they are equally guilty or great according to the light in which you view their acts. The most lawless of us would hesitate to defend them, but the greater humanitarian could scarcely condemn them.

Mr. Wallace further tells us that thousands of people have written to him concerning his story of the four just men which was "a story of murder pure and simple," and that he is gratified by the circumstance "that no person has gone out of his way to describe it as a pernicious story." We do not imagine for a moment that the thousands of persons who will doubtless write to Mr. Wallace regarding the "Council of Justice" will include a single person who will even whisper the word "pernicious." But we should be only too glad if the kind of book Mr. Wallace has written were in point of fact quite so innocent of harmfulness as the author apparently believes it to be. We do not suppose that the average reader of fiction is likely to be incited to evil courses by "The Council of Justice." On the other hand, there is a flavour of Socialism and Anarchy about the story which will not be without its effect on certain minds. Morally, Mr. Wallace's novel is, perhaps, not pernicious at all; politically it is pernicious. One cannot imagine that the persistent people with red ties are great readers of fiction. So that the ultimate hurtfulness of the book will be small. Meanwhile there can be no denying the fact that it is readable and plausible, and that it carries you on even though you may be irritated by it.

CORRESPONDENCE

SUFFRAGITIS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—According to the papers, a Suffragette who has been distributing literature at the Stadium has been dropping mysterious hints about further trouble in store for legislators before the House rises. In that case I should like to make a certain suggestion through your friendly columns to the Women's Social and Political Union itself. We have heard a good deal about the "chivalry" of the "brave men" who support them, which is often contrasted with the unchivalrous conduct of those who advocate the imprisonment of women "merely for asking for votes." Now, why shouldn't there be male "martyrs" next time instead of female? We are told repeatedly that Female Suffrage would be just as good a thing for men themselves as for women, so that on his own showing the "Suffragette in trousers," to use Mr. Zangwill's phrase, is just as much personally concerned in the campaign as the "Suffragette in petticoats."

The individuals I would particularly suggest for martyrdom are the brace of personal friends, F. Pethick-Lawrence and J. T. Cobden-Saunders. Both these "gentlemen" have cheerfully seen their wives trundled off in Black Maria, though the former's better-half certainly didn't stop there very long. But so far neither has cared to test the rigour of incarceration for himself. Only recently Mr. Cobden-Saunders sent a letter to the *Times* in which, in the hysterical manner he adopts, he likened the House of Commons to a Pheros, and talked about "men flinging themselves against the monstrous growth of men." By that, I suppose, he meant the gang of blackguards, ten deep according to the *Evening News*, led by the husbands of the women Drummond and Leigh, all carefully organised. But was he amongst them? No; he wouldn't even take the small risk they did. Like the gallant Duc of Plaza Toro, he preferred to lead the militants of Female Suffrage from the rear—he found it less exciting.

But the case of Mr. Pethick-Lawrence is worse. To some extent it is possible to sympathise with Mr. Lawrence's dysphoria. It is rather galling at middle-age to be regarded by one's fellow-men as an enemy to one's sex. As long as such a person imitates the philosophers spoken of by Persius, "mumbling mad-dog silence and balancing words on the pivot of their shot-out life" (*Murmura cum secum et rabiose silentia rodunt, Alque exponecto trutinantur verba labello*), it is possible to feel a sort of contemptuous pity for him. But when he lets resentment of such mean foundation become vocal, when he fosters to the best of his ability (financial and otherwise) a conspiracy which his education must tell him is an hysterical and unsportsmanlike attempt to humiliate and discredit his own sex, he puts himself beyond the pale of all consideration. The one thing he could do to redeem himself is the one thing he doesn't do—go to prison for the cause he professes to have at heart. He prefers to bail out his dupes.

Contrast Mr. Lawrence's pusillanimity with the conduct—foolish and fanatical though it was—of a youth who was formerly in his employ. To show his fervent enthusiasm for Female Suffrage one Thomas Bayard Simmonds, of Croydon, on December 12th, 1906, rolled in the mud for it outside the House of Commons. Dragged to his feet by a brutal and degraded police he attempted to trip them, but next morning, although he was unkindly described by the reporters as "a rather weak-looking man," he didn't hesitate to go to prison and stop there in the coldest weather for three weeks.

This is the way to the stars. But it's not the way that Messrs. Lawrence, Saunders, Hardie, Zangwill, Shaw, Stead, and Swift McNeill, or Earl Russell and Sir William Bell intend to take. The hearts of these great-souled men are ready to bleed on the smallest provocation for the indignities heaped on suffering femininity by a callous and cowardly so-called Liberal Government, but they take care that their hearts bleed outside, and not inside, the walls of a prison.

ARCH. G.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The Suffragettes have now, very logically, extended their demands to include "Rifles for Women," and Miss Christabel Pankhurst has been giving an *Evening News* representative her weighty views on the subject. An interesting suggestion, which will no doubt appeal to many members of her sex, is that the ladies of the Primrose League and similar bodies should undergo military training in order to take their share in the fighting. Before this, however, comes the following statement:—

Evening News, July 23rd or 24th, 1908—"I am told that there are to be corps of mounted nurses in the new organisation of the Army. In the next war, therefore, we shall see women riding

on to the battlefield in order to carry the wounded to places of safety." It would be undoubtedly interesting to your readers if Miss Pankhurst could be persuaded to disclose the identity of the person who gave her this interesting information. Was he a Horse Marine?

C. O.

Putney, July 26, 1908.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—"Arch G.'s" letter in your last week's issue under the above heading is quite in accord with the following, which appeared simultaneously in the *Paris New York Herald*. It is an English lady, who would no doubt have one or two more votes if the Suffragists had their way, who is writing as to the present condition of France:

For years I have lived alone, and, suffering from weak heart, am ordered country life, but dare not take a villa outside the town.

She precedes this with the remark:

Unless the guillotine is once again put into force neither poor nor rich are safe.

She adds:—

In England, at least, we are protected, but the climate is bad for my health.

It is sincerely to be hoped that the French Government will see its way to re-establish the guillotine, so as to calm the nerves of this delicately nurtured English lady with a weak heart! She at any rate has cast her vote.

R. S.

"OUR AMERICAN COUSINS"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—A *propos* your remarks in to-day's issue on the American way in "sports," you might find it interesting to follow up the thought and discover of what nationality were those who "helped" the Italian; also, of what nationality were those who "clapped on the back" the South African to "cheer him on." I do not insinuate anything except what America forces on one—that a few enquiries sometimes show queer things in American methods.

You do not mention the tennis champion—nor the wrestling terror—nor— Ah, I see, there were too many cases. You could but select, and Henley was typical.

AN ADMIRER OF YOUR ATTITUDE OF MIND.

July 25, 1908.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Your vigorous indictment of the pretty, though peculiar, tricks of the Yankee athletes is not a whit too strong. Nothing could have been more disgusting or more detestable than the exhibition afforded by them and their ring of hooligan abettors and backers during the last two weeks, both inside and outside the Stadium.

We always knew of the insolent aggressiveness, the insufferable vulgarity of the ill-bred and underbred citizens of that mixed medley of races—white, black, yellow, and red—inhabiting what they call "the States." The ancient nations of Europe—suffering under the cruel infliction of annual "invasions" of these unspeakable persons—have become by now quite used to their frightful outrages upon the established decencies of civilisation, their brutal bumptiousness, their everlasting loud-tongued parade of their precious selves, their bragging complacency, their effusive effrontery. But to have the manners and methods of their swindling trusts and Chicago rotten meat factories and hustling money markets introduced into a fair and open arena of amateur sport is more than we can or ought to be expected to endure. If our athletic associations have any respect for comely order at all, these fellows, with their noisy gangs of hotel-trotting indescribables, must, in the future, in the interests of decorum, be decisively barred out. Let them keep themselves to and reserve their shoddy and shameless fouls to "the States." Our preposterous generosity has been stretched too far.

But as they are so fond of "protests" against competitors who fairly and squarely beat them in their games, they will perhaps kindly excuse us for lodging one against themselves—for the ten thousandth time—and although it may be as futile as it is necessary.

On what grounds, pray, of either common sense, geography, history, politics, or ethnology are they entitled to called their territory "America" or themselves "Americans"? And again, how comes it that so monstrous and so ludicrous a claim has been for one moment admitted or tolerated? The Germans might as well speak of their confederation as "Europe," and of themselves

as (exclusively) "Europeans"! Do people forget that the U.S.A. occupy but *portion* of a *portion* of the Continent of America; and, furthermore, that Great Britain has an appreciably *larger* slice of that portion than they. Outrageous arrogance such as this of theirs would be pitiable if it were not so utter an impertinence, symptomatic of the very madness of swelled head!

The psychology of the United States forms a painful though instructive subject for the close investigation of the student of national morbid derangements. Evidences of this deep-seated mental and moral decadence simply pour in upon one.

Which is the chief manufactory of strange and misshapen religions? The U.S.A. Who are the biggest buyers of the pestilent prurient literary off-scourings of the Parisian boulevard? Again, the U.S.A. Where is there a regularly organised traffic in the buying and selling of State appointments? Still, in the U.S.A. Where are wives the heads of husbands, and women (hard of feature and bold of face) in full ascendancy over men? Notoriously, in the U.S.A. Where are swindling commerce and unscrupulous finance the rule rather than the exception? Proverbially, in the U.S.A. Where has the insane lust for wealth degraded a whole body social, and the poison of the worst materialism fatally corrupted all classes? Disastrously, in the U.S.A.

But what need to extend the miserable catalogue. If *these* are not signs of fell disease in the heart of the nation, there are none!

No marvel that the United States are so hated in all the culture centres of Europe; that hotel proprietors are beginning everywhere to fight shy of entertaining them; that persons of refinement and education increasingly find even the most casual, chance association with them intensely obnoxious, and intimate friendship a plain impossibility. And no wonder, too, that, during all the 120 years or so of separate national existence, the conglomeration of mammon-servers has signally failed to produce one solitary man or woman of supreme excellence in either art, literature, music, science, or religion.

G. E. B.

TWENTY FOOLISH VIRGINS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I am extremely obliged for the copy of THE ACADEMY for the 25th inst. you were good enough to send me.

It at least proves that you are not only candid, but also polite, and I am sorry I feel compelled to characterise your article on the "Twenty Foolish Virgins," as being—clever, but untruthful, spacious, but misleading. Because I chose to enter a contest inaugurated by the *Daily Mail*, no matter what my motives are, you dub me as being foolish and easily mislead, and you have the impudence to invite me to decline what I have won. May I suggest it is not impossible that your judgment on the action of the *Twenty Daily Mail Girls*, is infallible.

Why don't you write a similar article on the Martheon Race and suggest to Hayes (the reputed winner) that he is an ass to endanger his heart and health for a trumpety bronze statuette, and that the real reason of this race is not that any good may come to the competitors and that they will gain anything of lasting benefit to themselves, but rather by a piece of clever mangement was induced to enter into a race which was intended to attract the public, and benefit the pockets of certain individuals. There would be just as much reason and truth in this line of argument as there is in your ungenerous, unfair and paltry attack upon the 20 Girls; who have of their own accord chosen to enter the contest, promoted by the *Daily Mail*.

Whether the *Daily Mail* makes money by the venture or not is a matter for them, and not for me, but it is worthy of observation that your article has been written in a spiteful and malicious manner. The fact that you single one girl as a butt, proves how far removed you are from what I should expect THE ACADEMY to aim at.

Surely your name is a misnomer.

ETHEL M. SPENCER.

Bolsover.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—*Re* Twenty Foolish Virgins (among them is one married lady).

My sister has handed to me the paper you have sent to her. I notice you call it THE ACADEMY, evidently a misnomer as one naturally expects the word "academy" to carry in its meaning elements of truth.

In the very first criticism of the *D. M.* Tour you are hopelessly wrong in your facts, and were it not for the evident bias of your remarks I should not have troubled to answer you. You say the *D. M.* subscription per 1,000 votes was 26s. Well, it is only half—viz., 13s.—and not only that, but the agents who received these subscriptions are not bound to send them in advance to the *D. M.*, and that it is the agents who really benefit by having the *D. M.* paid in advance. Also a great quantity of

the votes awarded was for coupons collected from the daily issue of the *Mail*. So it is evident, if your calculations are based on your erroneous assumption, the whole of your stupid and vaporous argument falls to the ground. I am inclined to think, however, that it is "sour grapes" with you.

I should, in conclusion, advise you before rushing into print, especially with a mind distorted and warped as yours appears to be, to be a little more careful as to facts.

I am pleased to tell you my sister has sufficient good sense to appreciate your remarks at their true value.

SAM. JOHNSON.

[Our comments on these letters will be found in "Life and Letters."—ED.]

THE HARMSWORTH PRESS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It appears that Lord Northcliffe has "captured" the English-reading public, or, if you like, the partially or decimally educated English public. This week you have taken the matter up so seriously that you have actually gone the length of sending copies of your own view of one of the "Harmsworth dodges" to some twenty young ladies who are being sent round the world as "Harmsworth guests" free of expense, in the hope of persuading them to sacrifice the trip *pro bono publico*. Well, I admire your zeal! In the same issue they will see a letter from Mr. Joseph Banister, harping on the same theme, though not on the same identical string. That gentleman is solicitous for the reputation of the *Times*—not the old *Times*, but the *Times* of Messrs. Moberly Bell and Hooper. Some of the most honourable, simple-minded, and loveable men that I have ever known have been Germans who speak English exactly in the way that Mr. Banister apparently thinks Lords Cromer and Rothschild are in the habit of doing. Then comes the turn of Lord Northcliffe, and the sneer at an "Hancient London-Irish Hancestry." If the "London-Irish" is correct, then the misplaced "aitches" are egregiously wrong. The dwellers in London least amenable to cockneyfication are the Irish. I know nothing of Lord Northcliffe or his family, but my impression is that his lordship belongs to the same class as the vast majority of English public school boys, and nothing that has come to my knowledge of his sayings or doings contradicts that impression. I only know personally two of the Harmsworth publications—the *Daily Mail* and the *Encyclopædia*, each in its kind most readable and informing.

In the last two issues of the *Nation* (which apparently was not a successful venture under its old name of *Speaker*, although it had the great advantage, in my eyes, of having for one of its editors an old pupil of my own) there is a very elaborate attack on the Harmsworth publications. It is very amusing to find that in his second instalment the critic is forced to admit that all these are gradually improving in tone! A Daniel of a judge, truly. Within the first two-thirds of the last century there never was a decade in which "severe" articles did not appear in quarterly or monthly attacking the popular periodicals of the day, and bewailing their deteriorating tendencies. By the side of many of these, the most inane and frivolous of the Harmsworth ha'porths and penn'orths would be messengers of light, even on the critic's own showing. Then there is the *Daily News*. In its current issue, the "man of the week" is Lord Northcliffe, who is described as possessing "a common mind in an uncommon degree;" that surely comes dangerously near to a definition of genius—if "genius" is ever to be comprehended by the common herd.

Why, the very success of the *Daily News* itself is due to its treading, more or less closely, in the steps of the *Daily Mail*. It has had aspirations after a "realm of gold," cheek by jowl with a column for the "working man," but both columns have been discontinued probably for the very same reason that influenced the Harmsworth firm in discontinuing its Sunday Magazine. In the same article reference is made to the rivalry between the *Daily Mail* and the *Daily Telegraph* in starting a real Sunday issue. I took in both as long as they came out, having bought the first numbers of each on my way home from partaking of Holy Communion. The Sunday *Daily Telegraph* was far and away the better of the two, and by far the best Sunday paper that has ever appeared in this country. That venture had to be dropped owing to the outcry fostered by Lloyd's, the *People*, the *News of the World*, &c., to my very great amusement. When I heard that Harmsworths had bought one or two of these "improving" Sunday publications, and were conducting them with their wonted energy and success, I was not a bit surprised. Curiously enough, one feature paraded with much ostentation by a rival (*Lloyd's*, I think)—the insertion among the mass of High Court and Police-court proceedings, of a short sermon by some popular divine—was not imitated by the Harmsworths.

J. P. OWEN.

70 Comeragh Road, W., July 26, 1908.

[We are not concerned to defend the letter from Mr. Joseph

Banister which appeared in last week's ACADEMY. Mr. Banister is very well able to look after himself, and we do not take responsibility for the opinions of our correspondents. As for Mr. Owen, we can only refer him to the article which appears in the current number of THE ACADEMY called "The Carmelite 'Chief.'" Mr. Owen appears to imagine that he is making a point against THE ACADEMY when he says that the "very success of the *Daily News* itself is due to its treading, more or less closely, in the steps of the *Daily Mail*." It is precisely our contention that the corrupting influence of the *Daily Mail* and the other Harmsworth publications is daily making itself felt in every quarter.—ED.]

THE BISHOP'S MARCH

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In common with many other Catholic laymen, I feel that the time has arrived when Dr. Ingram should be urged to adopt a more dignified view of his position in the Church whereof he is Third Metropolitan. His recent incursions on to the preserves of "General" Booth, Dr. Clifford and the Rev. R. J. Campbell are, to say the least of it, indecorous in a Church dignitary, and a source of pain to those who not unreasonably object to their Bishop performing on that very unclerical instrument—the big drum.

The imagination boggles at the idea of Thomas à Becket leading a "midnight march" through the purlieus of Canterbury, or Cardinal Wolsey addressing a political demonstration at Paul's Cross, or, to come to our own times, the gentle and courtly Archbishop Benson sermonising Wall Street on "The Worship of Mammon."

Question though we may the methods employed by prelates in days of old, and the soundness of the doctrines they sought to inculcate, it yet remains to be proved that our mother Church was ever a loser by that form of pride which forbade her leaders to participate in the vulgar amenities of "Social Reformers" and possessors of a "Nonconformist Conscience." The pilgrims of our Church are able to dispense with the methods of Salvationism, and stand in no need of drum and trombone to urge them along the strait and narrow way. To vulgarise religion is to destroy it.

The British Constitution, whilst very properly excluding clergymen from the hurly-burly of the House of Commons, has, with admirable prevision, and to the manifest confusion of Dissent, amply safeguarded the interests of the Church by providing a bench of Bishops in the House of Lords. Therefore let the zealous and earnest-minded man who presides over the See of London give expression to his views and convictions on legislative measures in the assembly of which he is a member and not in the Albert Hall—a Temple of Harmony (?) more fitted for the falsetto squealings of Prima Donna Pankhurst and Co. and the blatant trumpeting of Messrs. Torrey and Alexander than for the impassioned exhortations of a Father in God and representative of a great Church.

HERMANN ERSKINE.

15 Grosvenor Road, Westminster, S.W., July 28, 1908.

"CUI BONO?"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I am reluctant to trespass on the hospitality which you accorded me in this week's ACADEMY, but certain extracts from the *British Weekly* tend towards the goal I indicated, somewhat obscurely, though travelling by a very different route. May I be accorded, however, a little space in which to show the effect on the Dissenting mind of the peregrinations of certain Successors of the Apostles whose energies are supposed to be placed unreservedly at the service of that part of the Catholic Church in these realms established.

The correspondent of the famous organ of British Dissent, at the Wesleyan Conference in York, writes as follows:

At noon (he says) a number of Anglicans "visited" the Conference, the deputation of Free Churchmen being received on the assigned day for "deputations"—Saturday. It was not to the taste of many members of the Conference that such undue deference should be paid to those who are still so careful to try to exclude Wesleyans and others from the rank of "Churches" and relegate them to the position of "bodies." The President gave a "lead" in welcoming the Bishops . . . &c., by speaking of the Wesleyan "Church." But every subsequent Anglican speaker carefully chose the word "body." Otherwise everything was fraternal, courteous, gentlemanly; but this fly spoiled the ointment. Dr. Findlay . . . scholarly, saintly, and uncompromising . . . referred to the Dean of Westminster's recent

utterance . . . that the differences between Anglicans and Free Churchmen were not now matters of faith, but of discipline.

I have quoted, almost textually, the words of their correspondent, and I suppose it is fair to assume his thoughts to be parallel with the opinions of the majority of delegates. So we learn, among other things, that Wesley's express repudiation of founding a rival "Church" to that of his native land is now in turn rejected by those who seek to perpetuate his name. Moreover, the welcome intelligence that the Bishop's attitude was "courteous" and "gentlemanly" is distinctly relieving. It is reassuring to know that they comported themselves before an alien gathering in such a way as to win the encomiums of the aristocrats of Wesleyanism. And it is specially cheering to learn how slight is the barrier between the Church and the Free Churchmen. It would be making undue demands on your space to question the component parts of the "Free" Churches, to see whether they agree mutually, whether any rifts occur in their lute of common hostility to precision of doctrine and faith. Yet surely one may be allowed to question the authority of an odd Dean and a Canon of kaleidoscopic views to formulate exactly wherein lies the difference between those who still regard the Sacraments as more than allegorical fables and those who regard the fluctuations of their mental outlook as the only determining factor in matters of religion. So I ask, as I think I am entitled to, *Cui bono?*

Though I have quoted at some length from this charming correspondent, there are many more gems which I may not reproduce. All I can do is to direct certain of your readers of humorous tastes to provide stores of laughter for the approaching dog-days by reading the *British Weekly*. Like the *Daily Mail*, they ask, "Is the Church of Rome a Church of Christ?" I do not say that their decision matters much, but what rare humour, what delicate irony for the Church of St. Francis Assisi, of St. Bernard, of St. Francis of Sales, to be weighed in the balances of "Claudius Clear," to be tried before the bench of Passive Resisters!

FRANK O. WEST.

24 King's Square, Bristol, July 27, 1908.

THE CHURCH AND THE WESLEYANS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Permit me to express my extreme regret at the uncharitable view of "the Church" expressed by one of your correspondents last week.

Surely he forgets that the Roman Church regards all other Christians as wholly separate from "the Body of Christ." In showing the exclusive spirit exhibited in his letter, he is not only imitating this extreme narrowness, but he, to my mind, incurs the condemnation of the Great Head of the Church for his exclusiveness (St. Mark ix. 38).

Our formularies describe the Church "as the mystical Body of Christ which is the blessed company of all faithful people." If this is so, and the Wesleyans accept the three Creeds which express the Catholic faith, then they must be, having the true faith, in the Church.

What is needed to-day is not separation, such as letters of the kind inserted would deepen, but prayer for increased unity and the manifestation of real love towards all who have anything of the Spirit of Christ in them even if in our judgment they may be in error, just as the Apostle prays, "Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity."

RECTOR.

[If we are to adopt "Rector's" view that it is "uncharitable" to insist that Dissenters are outside the Church, we may as well give up having a Church at all. "Rector's" pronouncement on the attitude of the Roman Church is surely not quite accurate.—ED.]

TOLSTOY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I do not think many people of British origin will be inclined to disapprove of Mr. Strong's suggestion that Tolstoy has a tile loose in his upper storey. The aged Russian may be a great literary genius, but he is also as mad as a hatter. Just think of it. For two centuries Russia groaned under the awful yoke of the Tartars, a breed of Mongolians akin to the original Turks. To this very day she suffers from the effects of these 200 years of semi-slavery, as the Tartars introduced a criminal, savage element into her population which will never be eliminated, and which renders the average Russian a semi-Oriental. We in England also suffer from it, as the Russian and Polish Jews who fill our prisons and rookeries are mostly descendants of Tartars, who become converts to Judaism.

Now, how came the Russians to fall under the Tartar yoke?

By being disunited, and having then no strong central government. Yet Tolstoy is anxious for his country and countrymen to revert to that condition, so that they would be at the mercy of any Mongolian tribe or any robber band that might invade their territory. No wonder the Jews of Russia are such enthusiastic Tolstoyites. With Russia split into a thousand fragments, they might be able to exploit the Russian people just as they did the Poles when they became disunited, and be able to ruin and betray Russia just as they did Poland.

Tolstoy is bitterly opposed to policemen, soldiers, and judges, and is convinced that the Russian peasants would be better off if they were abolished. Has the old dodderer never heard of the "nigger" burnings and the other lynchings which occur in the southern portion of the United States? If he has he must surely realise the character of the justice the weak, poor, and friendless are accustomed to receive where there is no proper means of enforcing the law, and punishment of crime is in consequence left to private enterprise. Of course a reign of anarchy would result in some benefit. In England, for instance, the abolition of the police, the army, and law would be promptly followed by the extermination by the English people of the alien element which support the six Yiddish anarchist journals published here, while in Russia Tolstoy himself would speedily be butchered.

The poverty of Russia, which Tolstoy is forever whining about, like the poverty of India, is due, not to a bad Government, but to a too good Government. If Russia had always been ruled by native Slavs, instead of by Germans, Finns, Dutchmen, Scandinavians, &c., the plagues by which she has been visited would have been permitted to eliminate the vicious, dirty, immoral, anarchistic, and socialistic elements of her population, and the famines would have been allowed to kill off the idle, drunken, thriftless, and incapable elements. As in India, however, the superior alien rulers have not permitted the plagues and famines to accomplish the work they were sent to accomplish, and so the Russian population, like the Indian population, contains an abnormal number of degenerates and incapables.

JOSEPH BANISTER.

Bickleigh Lodge, Shootup Hill, Brondesbury, N.W.,
July 27, 1908.

CHARLOTTTE BRONTË AND "WUTHERING HEIGHTS"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—My letter in THE ACADEMY of July 18th on "Wuthering Heights" has brought me a gratifying correspondence. An author who says he read and was much interested in my Brontë article in the *Fortnightly Review* of March, 1907, suggests that I might therein have given more evidence to show that Charlotte Brontë wrote "Wuthering Heights." May I herewith say I have not as yet presented in print virtually any of my evidence on Charlotte Brontë's "Wuthering Heights"?

I have been asked what I have to say upon the introductions written by Miss May Sinclair for the Brontë works in Dent's "Every Man's Library." Take the remarks on "Jane Eyre." Miss Sinclair begins with the charmingly bold asseveration that "Jane Eyre" has no ancestry; it stands alone and has no affinity.

Now this statement is directly opposed by a most easily demonstrable fact: "Jane Eyre" traces its descent immediately from the same source as "Wuthering Heights;" it does not stand alone, having perfect affinity with "Wuthering Heights" in so far that if Charlotte Brontë had not written "Wuthering Heights" my regretful duty would have been to show she had been guilty of one of the most flagrant and sensational literary thefts imaginable. Miss Sinclair tells us that to understand Charlotte Brontë's writing we must read Mr. Clement Shorter, but her own text impugns her vaunted authority.

I am asked:

Is the manuscript of "Wuthering Heights" (if in existence) in the handwriting of Emily or Charlotte Brontë? If it is in Emily's handwriting why should her authorship be doubted?

The original manuscript of "Wuthering Heights" is, I believe, not extant, but if it were possible by some application of a cypher code to discover the words "Emily Brontë" written in every sentence of the work I could not even then say any one wrote the book but Charlotte Brontë. Nor in any circumstances could I deny she wrote, or be made to show she did not write or might not have written, "Wuthering Heights," though I were given the wealth of the Indies.

Why should Currer Bell persist in denying her authorship of "Wuthering Heights"?

Because a disastrous law-suit might have resulted but for her denials. The author of "Wuthering Heights"—which work was accepted long before "Jane Eyre"—was pledged to send her

second work (which was "Jane Eyre") to a Mr. Newby, the publisher of "Wuthering Heights." Read the following extract from a letter to the publishers of "Jane Eyre" from Charlotte Brontë in response to their offer to publish the next works by the authors of "Agnes Grey" and "Wuthering Heights":

... my relatives would have been most happy had it been in their power to avail themselves of your proposal respecting the publication of their future works, but their present engagements to Mr. Newby are such as to prevent their consulting freely their own inclinations and interests, and I need not tell you . . . that engagements must be respected whether they are irksome or not. For my own part I *peculiarly* [italics mine] regret this circumstance.

In view of my evidence I know that Charlotte Brontë was aware she used the word "peculiarly" in its proper sense; it was a matter affecting her personal property—it meant to her the loss while she lived of the recognition of her authorship of her "Wuthering Heights;" it meant the assumption of a deceptive rôle repugnant to her honourable nature, but once assumed, inseparable. What tragedy was this!

For sixty years a voluminous literature has been written concerning the Brontës—Encyclopædias, "Lives," biographical dictionaries, political essays, epistolary gleanings, articles, prefaces, lectures, and so forth have been filled to the tune of Emily Brontë's being the author of "Wuthering Heights;" therefore I expect deaf ears when I call for the branding of this shameful, purblind, bibliography with the words:

You betray your trust; you are alien to truth and literature; the future will laugh at you; and you will be mocked at by posterity!

J. MALHAM-DEMBLEBY.

Scarr Hill, Eccleshill, Bradford, Yorks.

TWO ENQUIRIES

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In Shelley's exquisite "Lines Written among the Euganean Hills" are the following:

From the Celtic Anarch's hold
All the keys of dungeons cold.

And again:

That the brutal Celt may swill
Drunken sleep with savage will.

These lines refer to the Austrian occupation of Italy. The population of Austria is partly German and partly Slav. The brutal Goth or brutal Slav would seem more appropriate. Can any of your readers explain why he chose Celt?

H. D. BARCLAY.

31 Dennington Park Road, West Hampstead.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In the "Task" (Book V.) Cowper speaks of the prudence which

Jotham ascribed to his assembled trees
In politic convention.

Will you kindly tell me who was Jotham, and what is meant by the allusion to his "assembled trees"?

J. B. WALLIS.

Castle Hill Road, Duffield, near Derby, July 23, 1908.

THE ALLIED ARTISTS' ASSOCIATION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—My colleague Mr. Tilney has not read the rules of the Allied Artists' Association, of which he is a member. With his share he has purchased the right to *exhibit*, not the right to *submit* pictures to a jury. The Hanging Committee would be acting illegally if it attempted to exercise critical functions.

Another writer in your issue of July 25th speaks of us as "the bitterest enemies of the Academy." We have no hostility to the Academy or to any other Society. Many of us are either members or guests of other exhibiting Societies. We founded the London Salon because we believe that no artist should have the right to stifle the utterance of another. Whether our Miltons are inglorious it is not for me to discuss here. Henceforth, at least, they need not be mute.

WALTER SICKERT.

12 Pembroke Gardens, Kensington, W.

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